











Our Birthdays



EDWIN ARNOLD

BIRTHDAY BOOK

*Compiled from the works of Edwin Arnold, with new and
additional Poems written expressly therefor*

EDITED BY
KATHERINE LILIAN ARNOLD AND
CONSTANCE ARNOLD

(His daughters)

Illustrated

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PREFACE.

The preparation of this Volume has been a "labour of love" for its Editors, the daughters of the Poet, from whose works the extracts which it contains are taken. Some of these have been derived from poems, as yet, unpublished, and the introductory verses to each month were specially written for our "Birthday Book." The fewest words are best to introduce a volume so prepared; in compiling which we have experienced such pride and pleasure as cannot, of course, be wholly imparted even to the most admiring readers, in both Hemispheres, of the "Light of Asia." But, since melodious calendars of the kind are now a fashion, we believe that very many in America and at home will welcome a year-book of quotations, thus gleaned, and from so rich a field of imagination and intellect.

THE EDITORS.

LONDON, *August*, 1884.

EDWIN ARNOLD BIRTHDAY BOOK.

[Extract from letter of Mr. Edwin Arnold to his son, Mr. Julian B. Arnold, by arrangement with whom this book is published by D. Lothrop & Co.]

“In regard to the Birthday Book which you tell me you are preparing for publication in America, I hereby transfer to you all such rights as I possess, for its production and copyright, and give you free and complete authority in the matter.”

“EDWIN ARNOLD.”

LONDON, *July*, 1884.

The Year

Time hath three Daughters: one, with hooded brows,
Sits in the shadow she herself doth cast
Wearing a winding-sheet; & One hath charge
Of marriage-robes & wedding-cornals, —
Wherewith is hents'ron, & the hemlock-bud —
And one, the Third, doth, with averted face,
And song, which shepeth not itself in words,
Spin the small wrapper, & the baby-band
To swathe the yet unbreathing.

Of these Three
One hath helped by thee; one thou seest not;
And one is all thine own, a Present Bride.
Cleave to her like a lover: she shall teach
Hope for To-morrow, & for Yesterday
Peace and forgetfulness.

Edwin Arnold

NEW YEAR.

Over town and hamlet ringing, let the merry song go
singing

Welcome to the Young Year's beauty, and the blessed
gifts she brings :

Greet her for the apple-blossoms wreathed about her
budding bosoms.

Love her for the sunny days her barley-braided hair
foretells,

Bless her for the pleasant plenty,—grape and grain
that God hath sent ye ;

Laud her ! though we live to lose her in the snow,
and chime the bells.





JANUARY.

WHICH of the merry months shall I praise?

Meadow birds, say!

Shall the April nights, or the autumn days,

Have place in my lay?

“Oh the sun of the summer is golden and strong,

“And the flowers of the summer shine fairly and long,

“Sing thou to the summer the first of thy song,

“As we sing on the spray.”

No! no!

Meadow birds, no!

Mine is the month that is born in the snow.

May hath the bud, and the bee, and the dove,

And the sky of the summer is bluest above,

But the year's first month, she bringeth my love,

And her bridal-day!

Say, is it wrong

To keep crown and song

For the month that leadeth my lady along?

{ ISAAC REED, Miscellaneous Writer, 1741; }
{ MARIA EDGEWORTH, Authoress, 1767. }

JANUARY 1st.

In the palace grounds
An alcove on a garden gives, and there
A tiny thing — forgot in the general fear,
Lulled in the flower-sweet dreams of infancy,
Bathed with soft sunlight falling brokenly
Through leaf and lattice — was that moment waking
A little lovely maid, most dear and taking.
— “*The Epic of the Lion*,” from the French of Victor Hugo.

{ GENERAL WOLFE, 1727. }

JANUARY 2d.

Beside him in the court
Stood Dame Adalieta; comely she,
And of her port as stately, and as sweet
As if the braided gold about her brows
Had been a crown.

— *King Saladin*.

All existence is not equal, and all living is not life.

— *The Book of Good Counsels*.

JANUARY 1st.

JANUARY 2d.

JANUARY 3d.

"Set thine own lamp on high,
 "To shine at evening through the dark'ling sky,
 "And I will be Love's ship — my pilot-star
 "That beam."

— *Hero and Leander.*

Excellent heart! learned unknowingly,
 As the dove is which flieth home by love.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 4th.

Oh! ever, when the happy laugh is dumb,
 All the joy gone, and all the anguish come —
 When strong adversity and subtle pain
 Wring the sad soul and rack the throbbing brain —
 When friend once faithful, hearts once all our own
 Leave us to weep, to bleed and die alone —
 The only calm, the only comfort heard,
 Comes in the comfort of a woman's word.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

JANUARY 3d.

JANUARY 4th.

JANUARY 5th.

Manifold tracks lead to yon sister-peaks

Around whose snows the gilded clouds are curled ;
By steep or gentle slopes the climber comes
Where breaks that other world.

Strong limbs may dare the rugged road which storms,
Soaring and perilous, the mountain's breast ;
The weak must wind from slower ledge to ledge
With many a place of rest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 6th.

Wonderful Life !

So sad with partings, and so sweet with meetings,
Made up of wild farewells, and wilder greetings ;
Oh word, with wonder rife !

— *Dream-Land.*

What I know that will I answer. Ask !

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

JANUARY 5th.

JANUARY 6th.

JANUARY 7th.

Ah! The gleaming, glancing arrows of a lovely woman's
eye

Feathered with her jetty lashes, perilous they pass us by.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

The kingdom that I crave
Is more than many realms — and all things pass
To change and death.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 8th.

Oh, you know!

His hair danced back from off his brow, like sprays
Of bright amaracus, when the west winds blow,
And all his neck, flushed with the heat of the games,
Shone as thou shinest, Moon! but rosier pearl!

— *From Theocritus.*

Night listened in the glens
And noon upon the mountains.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 7th.

JANUARY 8th

{ JOHN, EARL OF ST. VINCENT (Admiral Jervis), 1734. }

BORN. { DR. GEORGE BIRBECK, 1776. }

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JANUARY 9th.

JANUARY 10th.

JANUARY 11th.

Self, who in the Universe
As in a mirror sees her fond face shown,
And crying "I" would have the world say "I,"
And all things perish so if she endure.

— *The Light of Asia.*

In entertaining strangers a man may add to his friends.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JANUARY 12th.

Let no man miss to render reverence
To those who lend him life, whereby come means
To live and die no more.

— *The Light of Asia.*

— as all the spring runs down
Into a lake, from all its hanging hills,
The clash and glitter of a hundred streams.

— *King Saladin.*

JANUARY 11th.

JANUARY 12th.

JANUARY 13th.

Glory and praise to those sweet lamps of earth,
The nine fair daughters of Almighty Jove,

.

The healing secrets of their songs forego
Despair ; and when we tremble at the waves
On life's wild sea of murk incertitude,
Their gentle touch upon the helm is pressed,
Their hand points out the beacon star of good,
Where we shall make our harbor, and have rest.

—*From Theocritus.*

JANUARY 14th.

“ I am as one who came
Where, among roses, one bush, all aflame
By fragrant crimson blossoms, charged the air
With loveliness and perfume past compare.
Then had I thought to load my skirt with roses,
But ah ! the scent so rich, so heavenly, comes ;
I let the border of my mantle fall —
The roses slipped ! I bring ye none at all.”

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JANUARY 13th.

JANUARY 14th.

JANUARY 15th.

The glossy golden lilies of the land
Lost lustre in her hair; and that she owned
The noble Norman eye — the violet eye
Almost — so far and fine its lashes drooped,
Darkened to purple.

— *Vernier.*

Honour him for thine own honour — better is he than the
best.

— *The Book of Good Counsels,*

JANUARY 16th.

A gentle wife, a noble friend she walks,
Nor ever with the gossipmongers talks;
Such women sometimes Zeus to mortals gives,
The glory and the solace of their lives.

— *From Simonides of Amorgos.*

Who wins his throne and treasures from a prince,
Must stand the hazard of the counter-cast.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

JANUARY 15th.

JANUARY 16th.

JANUARY 17th.

Some new face, some winsome playmate,
With her hair untied,
And the blossoms tangled in it,
Woos him to her side.
Fair? yes, yes! the rippled shadow
Of that midnight hair
Shows above her brow — as clouds do
O'er the moon — most fair.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JANUARY 18th.

Better live and love and rue it,
Than not live and love.

— *Griselda.*

He who walks low paths along
Still keeping to the way, shall come
Sooner and safer to his home
Than the proud wanderer on the hill.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

JANUARY 17th.

JANUARY 18th.

JANUARY 19th.

—one even as I,

Who ache not, lack not, grieve not, save with griefs
Which are not mine, except as I am man; —
If such a one, having so much to give,
Gave all, laying it down for love of men,
And thenceforth spent himself to search for truth,
Wringing the secret of deliverance forth,
Whether it lurk in hells or hide in heavens,
Or hover, unrevealed, nigh unto all:
Surely at last, far off, sometime, somewhere,
The veil would lift for his deep-searching eyes,
The road would open for his painful feet.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JANUARY 20th.

Never a jot cares my pretty jade for their anger.
Sometimes she flings a smile to one, and frowns to his fellow,
Sometimes she softens to t'other — and there they stand in
the beechwood,
Laughed at, but mad with love — half-teased, half-pleased
at the wanton.

— *From Theocritus.*

The broad blue spangled hangings of the sky.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JANUARY 19th.

JANUARY 20th.

JANUARY 21st.

The green waves leap
At the cliff's white feet
On the shore of the land of the free : —
Fair music they make together,
The cliff and the climbing foam ;
And it sounds in the bright blue weather,
Like the wanderer's welcome home.
— *The Wreck of the Northern Belle.*

JANUARY 22d.

" Sweet ! for thy love," he cried, " the sea I'd cleave,
" Though foam were fire, and waves with flame did heave,
" I fear not billows if they bear to thee ;
" Nor tremble at the hissing of the sea !
" And I will come — "
— *Hero and Leander.*

Plays the round of folly rarely.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JANUARY 21st.

JANUARY 22d.

JANUARY 23d.

Love once among the roses
Perceived a bee reposing,
And wondered what the beast was
And touched it, so it stung him.
* * * * But Cythera
Said laughing, "Ah, my baby,
If bees' stings hurt so sorely,
Bethink thee what the smart is
Of those, Love, that thou piercest."

— *From Anacron.*

JANUARY 24th.

Love the inmate, not the room;
The wearer, not the garb; the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Nay, he was ever quick at numbers,—'tis his vocation.

— *Griselda.*

{ JOHN HERBERT, Painter, 1810. }

{ CHARLES, EARL OF DORSET, Poet, 1637.
BORN. }

JANUARY 23d.

JANUARY 24th.

JANUARY 25th.

To him the moon's icy-chill silver
Is a sun at midday ;
The fever he burns with is deeper
Than starlight can stay :
Like one who falls stricken by arrows,
With the color departed
From all but his red wounds, so lies
Thy love, bleeding-hearted.
— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JANUARY 26th.

— whose diadem
Was set with peopled stars ; wherefrom arose
Lauds to the glory of God, filling the blue
With lovely music, as rose-gardens fill
A land with essences ; and young stars, shaking
Tresses of lovely light, gathered and grew
Under his mighty plumes, departing still
Like ships with crews and treasure, voyage-making.
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JANUARY 25th.

JANUARY 26th.

{ RICHARD BENTLEY, Theologian, 1674. }

JANUARY 27th.

Faith that will not fade or waver,
Love that hath no end,
Jewels fair for thee to wear, love,
And for me to send.

— *The Casket.*

I gaze upon thy beauty, and my fear
Passes as clouds do, when the moon shines clear.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

{ SIR ROBERT M'CLURE, Arctic Explorer, 1807. }

JANUARY 28th.

Peace and fortune thou wilt bring
To thy city, to thy country!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

And still it glideth silently and slow,
And still beneath the spectral letters grow —
Now the scroll endeth — now the seal is set —
The hand is gone — the record tarries yet.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

JANUARY 27th.

JANUARY 28th.

JANUARY 29th.

Longing Leander, on the black waves' crest,
 Eying the light that led to Hero's breast;
 Kind light — Love's jewel! — which the mighty Jove
 Might well have taken to the orbs above,
 And set it shining in the spangled sky
 To be Love's star of all Heaven's company.

— *Hero and Leander.*

True friends counsel well.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JANUARY 30th.

Thou teachest them who teach,
 Wiser than wisdom is thy simple lore.
 Be thou content to know not, knowing thus
 Thy way of right and duty : grow, thou flower !
 With thy sweet kind in peaceful shade — the light
 Of Truth's high noon is not for tender leaves.

— *The Light of Asia.*

The guest is lord of all.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

{ THOMAS PAINE, Writer, 1737 ;
 { DANIEL F. E. AUBER, Musical Composer, 1784. }

{ WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR, Poet, 1775 ;
 { WESTLAND MARSTON, Poet, 1820. }
 BORN.

JANUARY 29th.

JANUARY 30th.

JANUARY 31st.

Swiftly did the doves fly,
 Swiftly they brought thee, waving plumes of wonder —
 Waving their pale plumes all across the ether,
 All down the azure !

— *From Sappho.*

Each beloved object born
 Sets within the heart a thorn,
 Bleeding, when they be uptorn.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JANUARY 31st.







FEBRUARY.

Rain — hail — sleet — snow — But in my East
This is the time when palm-trees quicken
With flowers, wherefrom the Arabs' feast
Of amber dates will thenceforth thicken.

Female and male, apart they grow;
And o'er the desert-sands is wafted,
On light airs of the After-glow,
That golden dust whence fruit is grafted.

No gray reality's alloy
Your green ideal can diminish!
You have love's kiss, in all its joy,
Without love's lips, which let us finish!

{ EDWARD COKE, Lord Chief Justice, 1551; }
{ JOHN PHILIP KEMBLE, Actor, 1757. }

FEBRUARY 1st.

“Worshipful! my heart
Is little, and a little rain will fill
The lily's cup which hardly moistens the field.
It is enough for me to feel life's sun
Shine in my Lord's grace and my baby's smile,
Making the loving summer of our home.”
— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 2d.

This scroll, and what it saith
Ends my commission.

— *Griselda.*

{ HANNAH MORE, Poetess, 1745. }
{ BORN. }

Mistress, sweet and bright and holy!
Meet him in that place;
Change his cheerless melancholy
Into joy and grace;
If thou hast forgiven, vex not;
If thou lovest, go;
Watching ever by the river,
Krishna listens low.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 1st.

FEBRUARY 2d.

BORN. { GEORGE LILLO, Dramatist, 1693;
 { WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH, Author, 1805
 { { FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLODY, Musical Com-
 { { poser, 1809.

FEBRUARY 3d.

What lightning strikes, in sooth, like a fair face?
 What arrow pierces like a woman's grace?
 'Tis the eyes slay, thence fly the subtle darts
 Which deal swift wounds and hurt unguarded hearts
 — *Hero and Leander.*

Streams, that seek the sea,
 The more they flow the wider be.
 — *The Enchanted Lake.*

FEBRUARY 4th.

I choose
 To tread its paths with patient, stainless feet,
 Making its dust my bed, its loneliest wastes
 My dwelling, and its meanest things my mates:
 Clad in no prouder garb than outcasts wear,
 Fed with no meats save what the charitable
 Give of their will, sheltered by no more pomp
 Than the dim cave lends or the jungle-bush.
 This will I do because the woful cry
 Of life and all flesh living cometh up
 Into my ears, and all my soul is full
 Of pity for the sickness of this world.
 — *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 3d.

FEBRUARY 4th.

FEBRUARY 5th.

How should I not be happy, blest so much.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Softly the sway of the pine-branches murmurs a melody, shepherd!

Down by the rim of the fountain, and softly dost thou,
on the Pan-pipes,

Pipe to the pines: next to Pan thou bearest the bell
for rare music.

— *From Theocritus.*

FEBRUARY 6th.

Not a life below the sun
But is precious — unto one.
Not an eye, however dull,
But seems somewhere beautiful;
Not a heart, howe'er despised,
But is passioned for and prized.
Fool who laughs at lack of graces
Each one hath a many faces.

— *Facies non omnibus una.*

FEBRUARY 5th.

FEBRUARY 6th.

FEBRUARY 7th.

And a love-look lights her eyes in the gloom,
And the darkness is sweet with her sighs.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

His was a kingdom mighty as thine own,
The sword his sceptre and the earth his throne—
The nations trembled when his awful eye
Gave to them leave to live, or doom to die.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

FEBRUARY 8th.

The thoughts ye cannot stay with brazen chains
A girl's hair lightly binds.

— *The Light of Asia.*

And wisdom deep his guerdon was.
And mighty things he knew;
Yet from each unlocked mystery
Some harder marvel grew.

— *Rest.*

FEBRUARY 7th.

FEBRUARY 8th

{ C. F. VOLNEY, French Philosopher, 1757.
{ WILLIAM CONGREVE, Poet and Dramatist, 1670;
{ DEAN MILMAN, Divine and Historian, 1791.
BORN. }

FEBRUARY 9th.

—and, in a bower of Paradise —
Where nectarous blossoms wove a shrine of shade,
Haunted by birds and bees of unknown skies —
She sate.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Oh, moon! hide not thy face. Oh, white moon! listen
and pity!

Silver-faced Queen of the Stars, thou know'st we are
not as immortals.

— *From Theocritus.*

FEBRUARY 10th.

One that hath
A countenance like the full moons for light
And eyes of lotus.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

In speech
Right gentle, yet so wise; princely of mien,
Yet softly-mannered; modest, deferent,
And tender-hearted, though of fearless blood.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 9th.

FEBRUARY 10th.

FEBRUARY 11th.

Consider! if a king should call thee "friend,"
And lead thee to his court,
Roofed large with lazulite, and paved
With flow'rs, on green floors wrought;

Lo! but He doeth this — Allah our King,
His sky is lazulite;
His earth is paved with emerald-work; its stores
Are spread for man's delight.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

FEBRUARY 12th.

And — angel albeit — her rich lips breathe
Sighs, if sighs were ever so sweet;
And — if spirits can tremble — she trembles now
From forehead to jewelled feet.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Each from the goblet of a god shall sip
And Judah's gold tread heavy on the lip.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

FEBRUARY 11th.

FEBRUARY 12th.

{ DAVID ALLAN, Painter, 1744 ;
{ CHARLES M. DE TALLEYRAND-PERIGORD, Diplomatist, 1754. }

{ CAMILLE, DUKE OF TALLARD,
{ celebrated Marshal of France, 1652. }

BORN

FEBRUARY 13th.

Stars! if my sweet love still a dreaming lies,
Shine through the roses for a lover's sake,
And send your silver to her lidded eyes;
Kissing them very gently till she wake.
Then while she wonders at the lay and light,
Tell her, though morning endeth star and song,
That ye live still, when no star glitters bright,
And my love lasteth, though it finds no tongue.
— *Serenade.*

FEBRUARY 14th.

Speak once more! then thou canst not choose but
show
Thy mouth's unparalleled and honeyed wonder
Where, like pearls hid in red-lipped shells, the row
Of pearly teeth thy rose-red lips lie under;
Ah me! I am that bird that woos the moon,
And pipes — poor fool! to make it glitter soon.
— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 13th.

FEBRUARY 14th

FEBRUARY 15th.

There came a woman, fair and sweet,
So ravishing of form and mien
That great Soharah, who is queen
Of the third planet, hath not eyes
As soft, nor mouth made in such wise.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Thou dost but chase the shadow of thyself.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 16th.

The stainless ramps of huge Himâla's wall,
Ranged in white ranks against the blue—untrod,
Infinite, wonderful—whose uplands vast,
And lifted universe of crest and crag,
Shoulder and shelf, green slope and icy horn,
Riven ravine, and splintered precipice
Led climbing thought higher and higher, until
It seemed to stand in heaven and speak with gods.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 15th.

FEBRUARY 16th.

{ JOHN PINKERTON, Historian and Antiquary, 1758. }

BORN. { JAME CASSINI, Astronomer, 1677. }

FEBRUARY 18th.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

FEBRUARY 17th.

FEBRUARY 18th.

{ NICOLAUS COPERNICUS, Astronomer, 1473 ; }
 { RICHARD CUMBERLAND, Dramatist, 1732. }
 { F. M. A. DE VOLTAIRE, Poet, Dramatist, etc., 1694 ; }
 { DAVID GARRICK, Actor and Dramatist, 1716. }
 BURN.

FEBRUARY 19th.

"If my love loved me, he should be a bee,
 I the yellow champak, love the honey of me."
 — *The Indian Song of Songs.*

He shall tread the sad and lowly path
 Of self-denial and of pious pains,
 Gaining who knows what good, when all is lost
 Worth keeping.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 20th.

Gods! Helen's town I've seen, and Sparta's dames,
 Whose charms make wars and give the world to
 flames ;

But never saw I one that could compare
 With form so goddess-like and face so rare.

— *Hero and Leander.*

I thank thee for the blessing of such lore.

— *The Birth of Death.*

FEBRUARY 19th.

FEBRUARY 20th.

{ CARDINAL NEWMAN, 1807. }

BORN. { GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of U S., 1731; }
 { JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Poet, 1819. }

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of U
JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, Poet, 1819.

BORN.

FEBRUARY 22d.

— *From Aristippus.*

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 21st.

FEBRUARY 22d.

{ SAMUEL PEPPS, Diarist, 1632; }
{ WILLIAM MASON, Poet, 1725. }

{ GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, Musical Composer, 1684; }
{ CHARLES LAMB, Essayist, 1775. }

BORN.

FEBRUARY 23d.

“O Dewdrop!” said the Rose, “where didst thou gain
This light, that like a gem on me hath lain?”

“A cloud,” he said, uplifted me from ocean,
And I must trickle to the deep again.”

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Now thy name is his playmate — that only! —

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 24th.

Before beginning, and without an end,
As space eternal and as surety sure,
Is fixed a Power divine which moves to good,
Only its laws endure.

The ordered music of the marching orbs
It makes in viewless canopy of sky;
In deep abyss of earth it hides up gold,
Sards, sapphires, lazuli.

Ever and ever bringing secrets forth,
It sitteth in the green of forest-glades
Nursing strange seedlings at the cedar's root
Devising leaves, blooms, blades.

— *The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 23d.

FEBRUARY 24th

FEBRUARY 25th.

Where art thou, sweet?

I long for thee, as thirsty lips for streams!

Oh, gentle promised angel of my dreams,

Why do we never meet?

— *A ma Future.*

Be second and not first!—the share's the same
If all go well. If not, the Head's to blame.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

FEBRUARY 26th.

Low whispers the wind from Malaya

O'erladen with love;

On the hills all the grass is burned yellow;

And the trees in the grove

Droop with tendrils that melt by their sweetness

The thoughts of the parted.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

In truthfulness of act be our faith seen.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

FEBRUARY 25th.

FEBRUARY 26th.

FEBRUARY 27th.

—none of these

Am I, good saints. No goddess of the woods
Nor yet a mountain, nor a river sprite;
A woman ye behold.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

Thou knowest all without the books: and know'st
Fair reverence besides.

—*The Light of Asia.*

FEBRUARY 28th.

—doing right is more

Than any learning.

—*Love and Death.*

My soul for tenderness, not blame, was made;

Mine eyes look through his evil to his good;

My heart coins pleas for him; my fervent thought
Prevents what he will say when these are naught;

And that which I am shall be understood.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

FEBRUARY 27th.

FEBRUARY 28th.

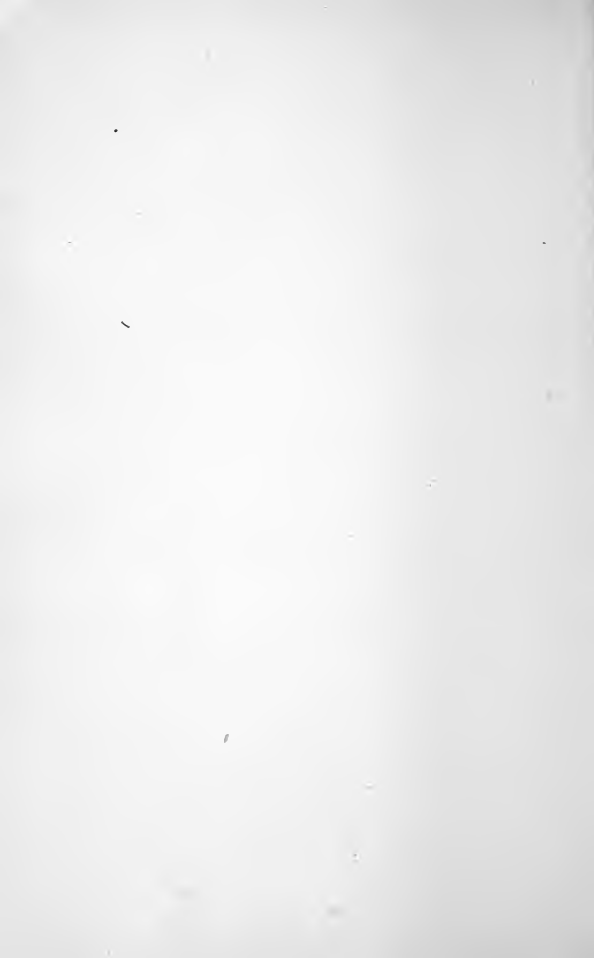
FEBRUARY 29th.

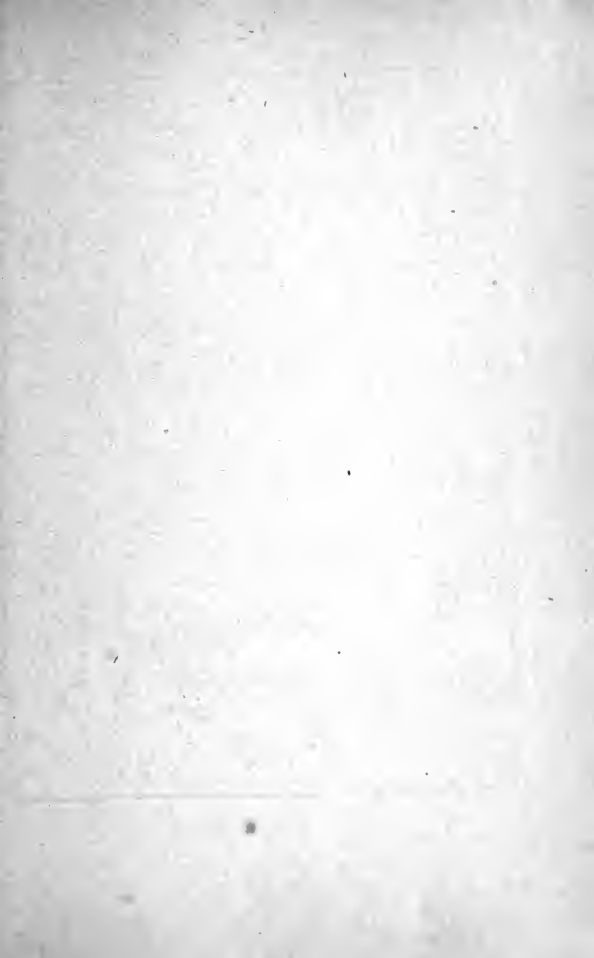
Sweet seem your wedded days; and dear and tender
Your children's talk; brave 'tis to hear the tramp
Of pastured horses; and to see the splendour
Of gold and silver plunder; and to camp

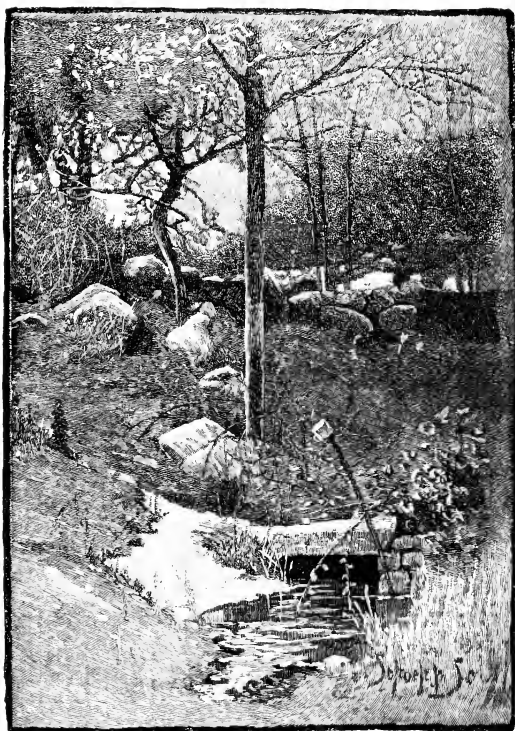
With goats and camels by the bubbling fountain;
And to drink fragrance from the desert wind,
And to sit silent on the mighty mountain;
And all the joys which make life bright and kind.
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

BORN. { GIOACCHINO ROSSINI, Musical Composer, 1792.

FEBRUARY 29th.







MARCH.

Welcome! Northwind from the Norland!
Strike upon our foremost foreland,
Sweep away, along the moorland,
Do thy gusty kind!

Thou and we were born together
In the black Norwegian weather;
Birds we be of one brave feather,
Welcome, bully wind!

Go! with train of spray and sea-bird,
Fling the milky waves to leeward,
Drive the ragged rain-clouds seaward,
Chase the scudding ships.

To the southwind take our greeting,
Bid him send the Spring — his sweeting —
Say what stout hearts wait her meeting,
What bright eyes and lips.

MARCH 1st.

— Noblest, loveliest, best
Who bear'st no gems, yet so becomest them,
How like the new moon's silver horn thou art
When envious black clouds blot it!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

And he's a fool that fights against his fate.
He loses, and gets shame, besides his tears.

— *From Hesiod.*

MARCH 2d.

I love thee to-day as I loved thee before.
I shall love thee as truly for evermore.

— *The Three Students.*

No pause — no standing-spot, no ground
To slay the spirit's quest,
In all around not one thing found
So good as to be — "best."

— *Rest.*

MARCH 1st.

MARCH 2d

{ EDMUND WALLER, Poet, 1605; }
{ THOMAS OTWAY, Poet, 1651. }

MARCH 3d.

Her face of alabaster all a-shine
Like the pure moon when first it swims the sky.
— *Hero and Leander.*

But hear and help, ye wise and shining nine!
I yearn and strive towards your heavenly side;
Teach me the secret of the mystic sign,
Give me the lore that guards, the words that guide.
— *From Proclus*

BORN. { SIR HENRY RAEBURN, Painter, 1756. }

MARCH 4th.

The Master cast his vision forth on flesh,
Saw who should hear and who must wait to hear.
As the keen Sun gilding the lotus-lakes
Seeth which buds will open to his beams
And which are not yet risen from their roots;
Then spake, divinely smiling, "Yea! I preach!
Whoso will listen let him learn the Law."

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 3d.

MARCH 4th.

MARCH 5th.

Cheating them that truly trust you, 'tis a clumsy
villainy.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

“I was not hopeless, for I won the prize
At running, and the maidens call me fair.
The one prize I have longed for since the feast
Was once to touch the goal of those dear lips;
Then I could rest—not else!”

— *From Theocritus.*

MARCH 6th.

‘Love’s strength is perfect in love’s utter weakness,
Love’s nobleness is noblest in love’s meekness,
‘Love ever! none are gone!’

‘None go! none ever!
‘Know! when two hearts are set to one true time,
‘For aye they make one music, chime one chime,
‘Look up! and doubt it never!’

— *Dreamland.*

MARCH 5th.

MARCH 6th.

MARCH 7th.

The foolish oftentimes teach the wise.

— *The Light of Asia.*

“Under the angry sun the slain earth—look!—
Dries up to dust; dies every growing thing;
Then blow we breaths of southern wind which bring
Rain-dropping clouds, and see! the dead earth lives,
And stirs, and swells; and every herb revives.”

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 8th.

Ah! delicate phantoms that cheated
With eyes that looked lasting and true,
I awake,—I have seen her,—my angel—
Farewell to the wood and to you!
Oh, whisper of wonderful pity!
Oh, fair face that shone!
Though thou be a vision, Divinest!
This vision is done.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 7th.

MARCH 8th.

{ HONORE G. R. MIRABEAU, Writer, 1749. }

BORN. { WILLIAM ETTY, Painter, 1789. }

To lay up lasting treasure
Of perfect service rendered, duties done
In charity, soft speech, and stainless days:
These riches shall not fade away in life,
Nor any death dispraise.

— *The Light of Asia.*

90

MARCH 9th.

MARCH 10th.

— *Wait yet.*

BORN. { JOHN THOMAS DESAGULIERS, Philosophical Writer, 1683. }

Ask who his friends are, ere you scorn your foe.
— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 11th.

MARCH 12th.

MARCH 13th.

Then the World-honoured spake "Scatter not rice
 But offer loving thoughts and acts to all.
 To parents as the East where rises light;
 To teachers as the South whence rich gifts come;
 To wife and children as the West where gleam
 Colors of love and calm, and all days end;
 To friends and kinsmen and all men as North;
 To humblest living things beneath; to Saints
 And Angels and the blessed Dead above:
 So shall all evil be shut off, and so
 The six main quarters will be safely kept."

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 14th.

Life without golden love—what bliss is this?
 Oh, let me die when love is dead with me!
 The stolen words, the honeyed gifts, the kiss,
 These are the blossoms of youth's glorious tree.

— *From Mimnermus.*

"O Rose!" the Dewdrop said, "whence didst thou
 spring,
 That art so sweet and proud and fair a thing?"

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 13th.

MARCH 14th.

{ GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON, 1767. }

MARCH 15th.

“Comfort thee, dear!” he said, “if comfort lives
In changeless love.”

— *The Light of Asia.*

“In mine own land, if any stranger sit
A wedding-guest, the bride, out of her grace,
In token that she knows her guest’s good-will,
In token she repays it, brims a cup,
Wherefrom he drinking, she in turn doth drink :
So is our use.”

— *King Saladin.*

{ BORN. { MADAME CAMPAN, Historical Writer, 1752. }

MARCH 16th.

O Dancer! strip thy peacock-crown away,
Rise! thou whose forehead is the star of day,
With beauty for its silver halo set;
Come! thou whose greatness gleams beneath its shroud
Like Indra’s rainbow shining through the cloud —
Come, for I love thee, my Beloved! yet.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 15th.

MARCH 16th.

MARCH 17th.

He who shares his comrade's portion, be he beggar
be he lord,

Comes as truly, comes as duly, to the battle as the
board —

Stands before the king to succour, follows to the pile
to sigh

He is friend, and he is kinsman—less would make
the name a lie.

—*The Book of Good Counsels.*

—strong for shocks

As is a tent with tent-pegs driven deep?

—*The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 18th.

—Little praise had now

That beauty which in old days shone so bright
Marred with much grief it was, like sunlight dimmed
By fold on fold of wreathed and creeping mist.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

—like a love-verse printed

On the smooth polish of an emerald.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 17th.

MARCH 18th.

{ADELINA PATTI, Prima Donna, 1843}

BORN. { DAVID LIVINGSTONE, Traveller, 1813. }

—*Oxford Revisited.*

Thou gavest her those black brows for a bow
Arched like thine own, whose pointed arrows seem
Her glances, and the underlids that go—
So firm and fine—its string? Ah, fleeting gleam!
Beautiful dream!

Friend, art thou faithful? Guard mine honor so!

100

MARCH 19th.

MARCH 20th.

{ JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, Mus. Composer, 1685; }
{ HENRY KIRKE WHITE, Poet, 1785. }

MARCH 21st.

Have ye bethought why seed should shoot, not sand,
Granite or gravel? Why the gentle rain
Falleth so clean and sweet from out Our sky,
Which might be salt and black and bitter? Why
The soft clouds gather it from off the seas
To spread it o'er the pastures by and by?

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

{ SIR ANTHONY VANDYCK, Painter, 1599; }
{ EDWARD MOORE, Dramatic Writer, 1712. }

MARCH 22d.

Even when their loss is largest, noble ladies
Keep the true treasure of their hearts unspent
Attaining heaven through faith, which undismayed is
By wrong.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Eager ye cleave to shadows, dote on dreams;
A false Self in the midst ye plant, and make
A world around.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 21st.

MARCH 22d.

MARCH 23d.

And her subtle mouth that murmurs,
 And her silken cheek,
 And her eyes, say she dissembles
 Plain as speech could speak.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

All evil hearts
 Grew gentle, kind hearts gentler, as the balm
 Of that divinest Daybreak lightened Earth.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 24th.

“Who taught thee such deep eloquence? Ah, me!
 “Who brought thee hither, and procured us pain?
 “For all these sweet things said are said in vain.”

— *Hero and Leander.*

—like the noise on the brink
 Of the sea, when its stones
 Are dragged with a clatter and hiss
 Down the shore, in the wild breakers' roar.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MARCH 23d.

MARCH 24th.

MARCH 25th.

My cheeks were white no more, nor my heart sad,
Nor any trouble left; but we sat close,
And the soft talk bubbled from lip to lip
Like fountains in the roses.

— *From Theocritus.*

One foot goes, and one foot stands
When the wise man leaves his lands.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MARCH 26th.

No low born form is thine, albeit thou com'st
Wearing no ornaments.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Decked forth in fold of woven gold, and crowned
with forest-flowers;
And scented with the sandal, and gay with gems of
price —
Rubies to mate his laughing lips, and diamonds like
his eyes.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MARCH 25th.

MARCH 26th.

MARCH 27th.

Love comes if the rose-crown rings thee,—
 Love endless and ever the same;
 And the bright leaf of laurel brings thee
 The minstrel's favor and fame.

But the rose hath an angry briar,
 That woundeth wherever 'tis worn,
 And, with laurel to lift thee higher,
 There are poisonous berries of scorn.

— *The Two Wreaths.*

MARCH 28th.

Ah! Hero, wherefore call o'er such a sea?
 Too fond thou wert; too bold and faithful he!
 Thou should'st have left unlit thy lamp of love,
 And waited till kind spring made green the grove;
 But love and fate compelled her! so, o'ercome,
 She set her light, and lured him to his doom.

— *Hero and Leander.*

For all the poor are piteous to the poor

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 27th.

MARCH 28th.

MARCH 29th.

Were it one wasted seed of water-grass,
Blown by the wind, or buried in the sand,
He seeth and ordaineth if it live;
Were it a wild bee questing honey-buds,
He seeth if she find, and how she comes
On busy winglets to her hollow tree.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

The utmost love is conquering sense.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MARCH 30th.

— honored and strong

Truth speaking, skilled in arms, sagacious, just;
Terrible to his foes.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

There is naught better than to be
With noble souls in company.
There is naught dearer than to wend
With good friends faithful to the end.

— *Love and Death.*

MARCH 29th.

MARCH 30th.

{
BORN. {
RENE DESCARTES, Philosopher, 1596;
FRANCIS JOHN HAYDN, Mus Composer, 1732. }

MARCH 31st.

Come —

Sweet son! and see the pleasaunce of the spring,
And how the fruitful earth is wooed to yield
Its riches to the reaper; how my realm —
Which shall be thine when the pile flames for me —
Feeds all its mouths and keeps the King's chest filled.
Fair is the season with new leaves, bright blooms,
Green grass, and cries of plough-time." So they rode

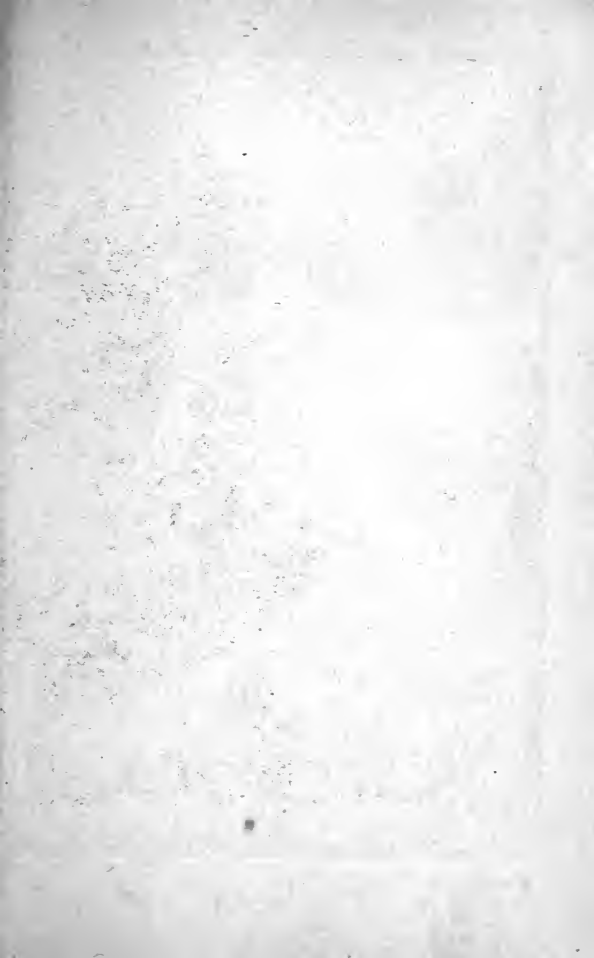
.

And all the jungle laughed with nesting-songs,
And all the thickets rustled with small life
Of lizard, bee, beetle and creeping thing —
Pleased at the springtime.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MARCH 31st.







APRIL.

Fair Grecian legend! that in spring,
Seeking soft tale for sunnier hours,
Fabled how Enna's queen did bring
Back from the Underworld her flowers.

Whence come ye else, cups of glad gold,
Which men the yellow crocus call?
Ye snow-drops! maiden meek and cold,
What other fingers let you fall?

What hand but hers? who, wont to rove
The asphodel in Himera,
Torn thence by an ungentle love,
Flung not her favorites away?

Vainly dark king! on thoughts that roam,
Thy passion and thy power were spent,
While one fair flower breathes airs of home,
Homewards her heart and soul are bent.

{ CHARLES DE ST. EVERMOND, Soldier and Author, 1613; }
{ SIR JOHN SUCKLING, Poet, 1613. }

{ HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, Writer of }
{ Fiction, 1805. }

BORN.

APRIL 1st.

Blossom of the almond-trees
April's gift to April's bees
Birthday ornament of spring,
Flora's fairest daughterling.

.
Ah! when winter winds are swinging
All thy red bells into ringing,
With a bee in every bell,
Almond-bloom, we greet thee well.

— *April Blossoms.*

APRIL 2d.

Let be,—let be!
These idle follies are not for the wise,
A scholar's loves are fair philosophies;
I prithee leave me free!

— *Aristippus.*

Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie;
Truth is the speech of inward purity.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 1st.

APRIL 2d.

APRIL 3d.

The swallow is come from his Syrian home
To build on the English eaves,
The sycamore wears his glistening spears,
And the almond rains roseate leaves,
And — dear Love! — with thee as with bird and with
tree
'Tis the time of blossom and nest,
Then what fair thing of the beautiful spring
Shall I liken to thee — the best.

— *Song.*

APRIL 4th.

Ah! beauty, rich and rare,
If thou be casket to a mind like thee
There were a piece of quaint and perfect work
Worthy a monarch's winning.

— *Griselda.*

Do thou a blessing bring —
Whose neck is gilt with yellow dust
From lilies.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

APRIL 3d.

APRIL 4th.

APRIL 5th.

Consider them that serve

The false gods, how they lay in golden dishes
Honey and fruits and fishes
Before their idols; and the green fly comes,
Shoots through the guarded gates, and hums
Scorn of their offering, stealing what she will;
And none of these great gods the thief can kill.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 6th.

Light as the wings of Eros, and fleeting as Queen
Aphrodite!

— *From Theocritus.*

When 'tis willed we die
Shall there not be as good a "Then" as "Now?"
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gem'd with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring buds.

— *The Light of Asia.*

• APRIL 5th.

APRIL 6th.

{ WILLIAM WORDSWORTH, Poet, 1770; }
{ SIR G. E. TENNANT, Author, 1804. }

APRIL 7th.

A noble name,
Not the less sheweth beautiful and bright,
Though pale the stars that gives its letters light.
— *A Dedication.*

Hence comes she with her pleasant wont
When April chases Winter old,
Couching against his frozen front
Her tiny spears of green and gold.

— *Song.*

APRIL 8th.

Saw you ever truer wife?
— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

"Think most of Eros, foolish heart of mine!
"Care not for tumbling billows; let us go
"Straight over them to Hero; why shrink so?
"Hast thou forgotten that Queen Venus came
"Forth from the floods, and ever rules the same?"
— *Hero and Leander.*

{ JOHN C. LANDON, Botanist, 1783. }
BORN.

APRIL 7th.

APRIL 8th.

APRIL 9th.

A modest manner fits a maid,
And patience is a man's adorning,
But brides may kiss nor do amiss,
And men may draw at scathe and scorning.
— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

— a large
Beauteous white cock crowed matins, at the sound
Cocks in a thousand planets hailed the morn.
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 10th.

— Good fellowship I'll show
If thou wilt succor me. I'll be to thee
A faithful friend.
— *Nala and Damayanti.*

And man who lives to die, dies to live well
So if he guide his ways by blamelessness
And earnest will to hinder not but help
All things both great and small which suffer life.
— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 9th.

APRIL 10th.

APRIL 11th.

Are not rarest melodies
 Played on silver strings?
 Look we not to gentle lips
 For gentle-spoken things?
 Sounds not joy the dearer
 From a joyous tongue?
 Seems not sorrow nearer
 Sorrowfully sung?

— *To a Lady.*

APRIL 12th.

— hast thou strained thy thought
 Searching that depth, which numbs the seeking mind
 As too much light the eager gaze doth blind?

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Silly glass, in splendid settings,
 Something of the gold may gain;
 And in company of wise ones,
 Fools to wisdom may attain.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

APRIL 11th.

APRIL 12th.

APRIL 13th.

Next a fisherman comes, cut out on a rock, and its
ledges

Put up rough and stark;—the old boy, done to a
marvel,

Staggers and sweats at his work—just like a fisher-
man hauling;

Looking upon it you'd swear the work was alive,
and no picture,

So do the veins knot up and swell in his neck and
his shoulders,

For, though he's wrinkled and gray, there's stuff left
yet in the ancient. — *From Theocritus.*

APRIL 14th.

And o'er his brow with roses blown she fans a
fragrance rare,

That falls on the enchanted sense like rain in thirsty
air. — *The Indian Song of Songs.*

'Tis an empty sea-shell,—one

Out of which the pearl is gone;

The shell is broken, it lies there;

The pearl, the al', the soul is here.

— *After death in Arabia.*

APRIL 13th.

APRIL 14th.

APRIL 15th.

Sex, that tires of being true,
Base and new is brave to you!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

With wisdom's scroll to study, and the ways
Of wondrous living things;
And lovely pleasure of all ornaments
That Nature's treasure brings.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 16th.

A smile like water rippled by a tender summer air.

— *The Egyptian Princess.*

— the man

Who never erred from virtue, never broke
Our fellowship, and never in the world
Was matched for goodly perfectures of form
Or gracious feature.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

APRIL 15th.

APRIL 16th.

APRIL 17th.

Only be ye gentle hearted ;

Beauty rich and wisdom rare

From a gentle spirit parted

Earneth hate and causeth care.

— *The Falcon Feast.*

Gentle, generous and discerning.

Such a prince the gods do give !

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

APRIL 18th.

Lo, the night, thy bridesmaid,

Comes !—her eyes thick-painted

With soorma of the gloom—

The night that binds the planet-worlds

For jewels on her forehead,

And for emblem and for garland

Loves the blue-black lotus-bloom.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

APRIL 17th.

APRIL 18th.

APRIL 19th.

Whoso hath the gift of giving wisely, equitably, well;
Whoso, learning all men's secrets, unto none his own
will tell;

Whoso, ever cold and courtly, utters nothing that
offends,

Such an one may rule his fellows unto earth's ex-
tremest ends.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

APRIL 20th.

And seeming to see naught, she saw, and bent
Her sweet head from him—not in discontent;
And seeming not to hear, she heard, and sighed
A little silver sigh of pleased pride;
By signs unwitting giving him to know
It was not anger set her cheeks a-glow.

— *Hero and Leander.*

— brooding o'er the empty eggs of thought.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 19th.

APRIL 20th.

BORN. { HENRY FIELDING, Dramatist and Novelist, 1707; }
 { MADAME DE STAËL, Author, 1766. }

— *The Shrift.*

— *Griselda.*

Of bad men, cruel men are worst.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

A garden on a hill
Is as a likeness of that fair compassion
Shown for the sake of God: the heavy rain
Descendeth, and the dew; and every fashion
Of good seed springs tenfold in fruit and grain.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

APRIL 21st.

APRIL 22d.

APRIL 23d.

Somewhere there waiteth in this world of ours
For one lone soul another lonely soul,
Each chasing each through all the weary hours,
And meeting strangely at one sudden goal,
Then blend they, like green leaves and golden flowers
Into one beautiful and perfect whole;
And life's long night is ended, and the way
Lies open onward to eternal day.

— *Destiny.*

APRIL 24th.

—when shall I hear that voice, as low,
As tender as the murmur of the rain
When great clouds gather?

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Siddârtha prays forget him till he come
Ten times a Prince, with royal wisdom won
From lonely searchings and the strife for light.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 23d.

APRIL 24th.

APRIL 25th.

How new life reaps what the old life did sow:
How where its march breaks off its march begins;
Holding the gain and answering for the loss;
And how in each life good begets more good,
Evil fresh evil; Death but casting up
Debt or credit, whereupon th' account
In merits or demerits stamps itself
By sure arithmic—where no tittle drops—
Certain and just, on some new-springing life;
Wherein are packed and scored past thoughts and
deeds,
Strivings and triumphs, memories and marks
Of lives forgone.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 26th.

The moonbeam darting through their leafy screen
Lost half its silver in the softened green,
And fell with lessened lustre, broken light,
Tracing quaint arabesque of dark and white;
Or dimly tinting on the graven stones
The pictured annals of Chaldaean thrones.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

{ REV. JOHN KEBLE, Poet, 1792. }

{ BORN. { DAVID HUME, Historian, 1711. }

APRIL 25th.

APRIL 26th.

APRIL 27th.

—the large deep lotus-eyes
That like to Rati's own, the Queen of Love
Beam, each a lovelit star, filling the worlds
With longing.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

Here is no place for vows broken in making.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

APRIL 28th.

Our name should be a name for hope to utter,
A watchword for the chosen of the land.

—*An Apology.*

Therefore my life is glad,
Nowise forgetting yet those other lives
Painful and poor, wicked and miserable,
Whereon the gods grant pity!

—*The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 27th.

APRIL 28th.

{ DAVID COX, Painter, 1783. }

APRIL 29th.

For him the glorious music rolled
Of singers silent long;
The Roman and the Grecian told
Their wars of right and wrong;
For him Philosophy unveiled
Athenian Plato's lore;
Might these not serve to stead a life?
Not these!—he sighed for more.

— *Rest.*

{ RICHARD REDGRAVE, Painter, 1804. }

APRIL 30th.

— When will she overpass
The river of this sorrow and come safe
Unto its further shore—
For as I think in winning her
Nala would win his happy days again.

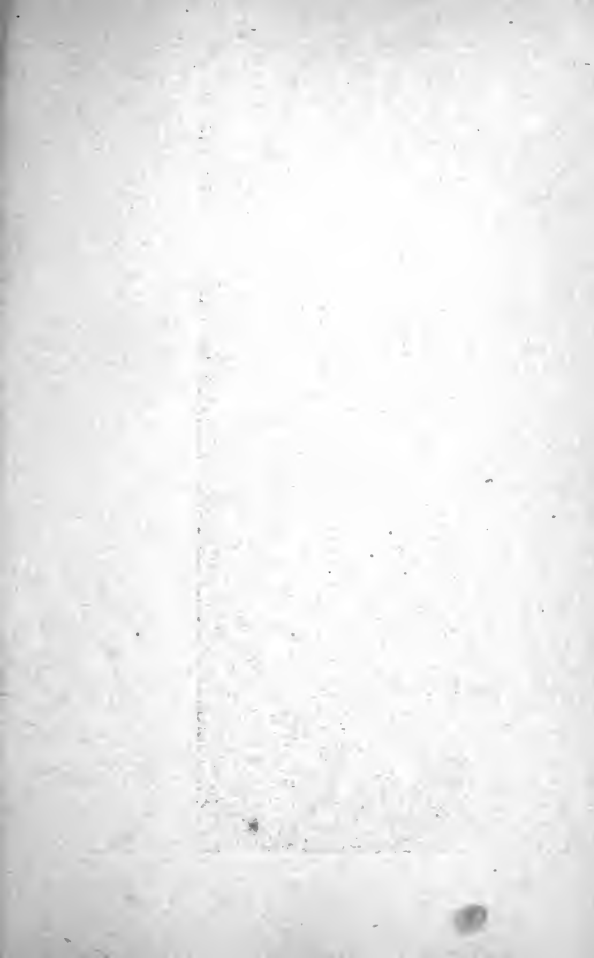
— *Nala and Damayanti.*

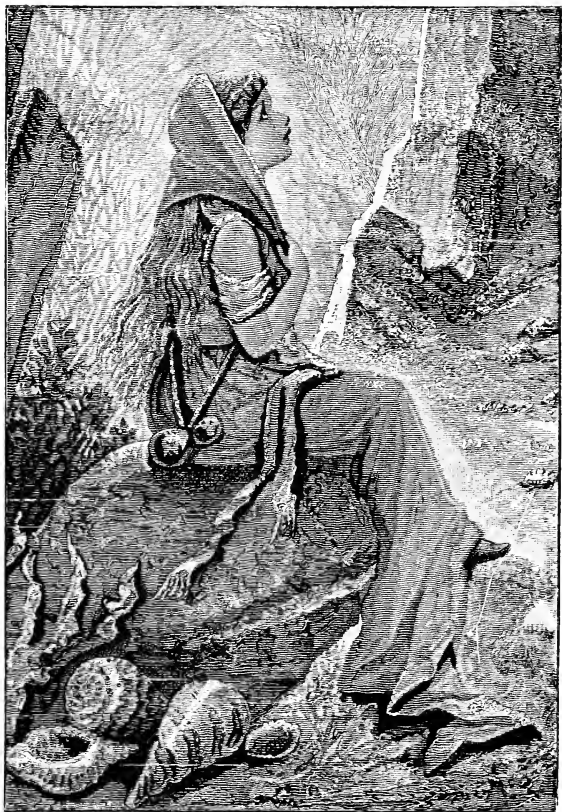
Take heed that no man, being 'scaped from bonds,
Vexeth bound souls with boasts of liberty.

— *The Light of Asia.*

APRIL 29th.

APRIL 30th.





MAY.

Who cares on the land to stay,
Wooing the wilful May;
 Leave the coquette
 To smile or fret
And away to the sea, away!

My beauty, my bark at sea
With the winds and the wild clouds and me;
 The low shore soon
 Will be down with the moon,
And none on the waves but we.

On, on! with a swoop and a swirl,
High over the clear waves curl;
 Tender they prow
 Like a fairy now,
Make the blue water bubble with pearl.

Lo! yonder, my lady, the light!
'Tis the last of the land in sight!
 Look once — and away!
 Bows down in the spray;
Lighted on by the lamps of the night!

MAY 1st.

Among the flowers stood at spring,
A lowly plant and bare;
But the golden days adorned it
With blossoms of the best;
And though fickle April scorned it,
May bore it in her breast.

— *Wait Yet.*

Knowledge grows, and life is one,
And mercy cometh to the merciful.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 2d.

Wise, modest, constant, ever close at hand.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Then himself
Playing the chamberlain, with torches borne,
Led them to restful beds, commending them
To sleep and God, who hears — Allah or God —
When good men do his creatures charities.

— *King Saladin.*

MAY 1st.

MAY 2d.

MAY 3d.

I know how Krishna passes these hours of blue and
gold,
When parted lovers sigh to meet and greet and closely
hold
Hand fast in hand; and every branch upon the Vakul
tree
Droops downward with a hundred blooms, in every
bloom a bee;
He is dancing with the dancers to a laughter-moving
tone,
In the soft awakening Spring-time, when 'tis hard to
live alone.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MAY 4th.

A splendid Presence, with large eyes divine
Beaming, and golden pinions folded down,
Their speed still tokened by the fluttered gown.
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Who toiled a slave may come anew a prince
For gentle worthiness and merit won;
Who ruled a king may wander earth in rags
For things done and undone.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 3d.

MAY 4th.

MAY 5th.

Roam where you will, by vale and hill,
From Vistula to Rhone ;
No land is like the English land,
No maidens like our own.

— *The Fairest of the Fair.*

If there be two ways to a wise man's wish
But only one way sure, he taketh that.

— *The Night of Slaughter.*

MAY 6th.

A low and gentle voice—dear woman's chiefest charm.
An excellent thing it is! and ever lent

To truth and love, and meekness; they who own
This gift, by the all-gracious Giver sent,

Ever by quiet step and smile are known;
By kind eyes that have wept—hearts that have sor-
rowed,
By Patience never-tired, from their own trials bor-
rowed.

— *Woman's Voice.*

MAY 5th.

MAY 6th.

MAY 7th.

Like a plank of drift-wood
 Tossed on the watery main,
 Another plank encountered,
 Meets, — touches, — parts again;
 So tossed, and drifting ever,
 On life's unresting sea,
 Men meet, and greet, and sever,
 Parting eternally.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 8th.

My fear is lost in love, my love in fear;
 This bids me trust my burning wish, and come,
 That checks me with its memories, drawing near.
 — *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Day — nigh to setting — drew her splendours in;
 And shadow-loving Hesperus shone high,
 Faint-seen upon the violet eastern sky.

— *Hero and Leander.*

MAY 7th.

MAY 8th.

MAY 9th.

When most my spirit wanders, ranging round
The lands and seas—as full of ruth for men
As the far-flying dove is full of ruth
For her twin nestlings—ever it has come
Home with glad wing and passionate plumes to thee
Who art the sweetness of my kind best seen,
The utmost of their good, the tenderest
Of all their tenderness, mine most of all.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 10th.

That gem of women, with soft face
Beautiful, wonderful!

— *The Great Journey.*

And fountain-waters on the palace floor
Made even answer to the river's roar,
Rising in silver from the crystal well
And breaking into spangles as they fell.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

MAY 9th.

MAY 10th.

MAY 11th.

Ah! even now

Remembering that one look beside the river,
Softer the vexed eyes seem, and the proud brow
Than lotus-leaves when the bees make them quiver.

My love for ever!

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Here is the chief shall bring
The glory back to us, having such strength.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MAY 12th.

If he hung high a glorious golden lamp
To shine where thy feet tread;
And stretched black 'broidered hangings, sown with
gems

For curtains to thy bed;
Lo! but He doeth this — Allah our King,
His sun by day, His silver stars by night,
Shine for our sakes.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MAY 11th.

MAY 12th.

MAY 13th.

This shall thy virtue be:
And thou shalt purify thee by thyself,
Making the good wax, and the evil wane
By nature of the evil's self.

— *The Birth of Death.*

All things are shows,
And vain the knowledge of their vanity.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 14th.

But there hath come a first-born in my tent;
Fain would I see my son's face for a day,
Before mine eyes are sealed. Lend me my life,
To hold as something borrowed from thy hand,
Which I will bring again.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

His interest is ours.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 13th.

MAY 14th.

MAY 15th.

Upon his forehead high
Twenty quick summers had not left a trace,
Or dimmed a sparkle in the earnest eye
Whence, like a prisoned bird from durance-place,
His soul looked upward to its native sky
His lip was fitter for a lover's song,
What could it tell of sorrow or of wrong?

— *The Island of Trees.*

MAY 16th.

Eloquent eyes, soft hands, and beaming brow.

— *Flowers.*

The fixed arithmic of the universe,
Which meteth good for good and ill for ill,
Measure for measure, unto deeds, words, thoughts;
Watchful, aware, implacable, unmoved;
Making all futures fruits of all the pasts.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 15th.

MAY 16th.

MAY 17th.

Listens low, and on his reed there
 Softly sounds thy name,
 Making even mute things plead there
 For his hope: 'tis shame
 That, while winds are welcome to him,
 If from thee they blow,
 Mournful ever by the river
 Krishna waits thee so !

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MAY 18th.

Truly a woman's ornament is this
 The husband is her jewel.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Richest, greatest, that one is
 Whose soul
 Sees with calm eyes all fates befall,
 And, needing nought, possesseth all.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MAY 17th.

MAY 18th.

MAY 19th.

There be redder lips and brighter eyes than she
hath, but no such lip and eye.

— *Griselda.*

A rock-rift pierced by stroke of lightning gave
Such misty glimmer as a den need have :
What eagles might think dawn and owls the dusk
Makes day enough for kings of claw and tusk.
—“ *The Epic of the Lion.*” *From the French of Victor Hugo.*

MAY 20th.

A king

Is likest Allah, not in triumphing
'Mid enemies o'erthrown, nor seated high
On stately gold, nor if the echoing sky
Rings with his name, but when sweet mercy sways
His words and deeds.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Such a friend !

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 19th.

MAY 20th.

MAY 21st.

If a maiden

Owned such a silver-lettered name as this,

She should be lovely as a summer's eve

All sun and softness; if she spake, her words

Should fall like lute-tones on the eager ear,

Till silence should be sorrow, and her voice

The spell to make it joy.

—*Juliet.*

MAY 22d.

And in his heart there lives no wish nor hope

Save only this, to . . . find . . .

Peace on the immortal beauty of thy brow.

—*The Indian Song of Songs.*

—All arts no man knows.

Each hath his wisdom, but in one man's wit

Is perfect gift of one thing, and not more.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

MAY 21st.

MAY 22d.

MAY 23d.

Sestos and white Abydos — cities twain
And there god Eros, setting notch to string,
Wounded two bosoms with one shaft-shooting,
A maiden's and a youth's.

— *Hero and Leander.*

Not if thy work be worth a date-stone's skin
Shall it be overpast.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MAY 24th.

Woman's love rewards the worthless — kings of knaves
exalters be ;
Wealth attends the selfish niggard, and the cloud rains
on the sea.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

This was a Prince unparalleled, thy lord ;
Virtuous as fair, a sea of goodly gifts
Not to be summoned by a meaner voice.

— *Love and Death.*

MAY 23d.

MAY 24th.

MAY 25th.

The thought of parting shall not lie
Cold on their throbbing lives,
The dread of ending shall not chill
The glow beginning gives;
She in her beauty dark shall look —
As long as clouds can be —
As gracious as the rain-time cloud
Kissing the shining sea.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

MAY 26th.

So once again come, mistress; and, releasing
Me from my sadness, give me what I sue for,
Grant me my prayer, and be as heretofore now
Friend and protectress!

— *From Sappho.*

When was fond Love so pitiless to love
Save that this scorned to limit love by life.

— *The Light of Asia.*

MAY 25th

MAY 26th.

MAY 27th.

A prince,
Youthful and fair,
Skilful in arms, wise, pleasant; in the war
Fearless.

—*The Birth of Death.*

He is brave whose tongue is silent of the trophies
of his word;
He is great whose quiet bearing marks his greatness
well assured.

—*The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 28th.

Mine is she! Mine is she!

—*The Book of Counsels.*

There lacked not to his wishes wild
What the broad earth could bring:
Strong knees were supple at his word,
Swords glimmered at his will.
Brave fortune! but it wearied him,—
His spirit thirsted still.

—*Rest.*

MAY 27th.

MAY 28th.

MAY 29th.

Dearest glory that stills my voice,
Beauty unseen, unknown, unthought!
Splendour of love, in whose sweet light
Darkness is past and nought.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Nor any ocean rolls so vast that He
Forgets one wave of all that restless sea.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

MAY 30th.

A voice of joy, than silver lute-string softer!
A mouth all rosebud, blossoming in laughter!
A baby-angel hard at play! a dream
Of Bethlehem's cradle, or what nests would seem
If girls were hatched!— all these! eyes too, so blue
That sea and sky might own their sapphire new!
—“ *The Epic of the Lion.*” *From the French of Victor Hugo.*

Choose by justice, putting self aside.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

MAY 29th.

MAY 30th.

MAY 31st.

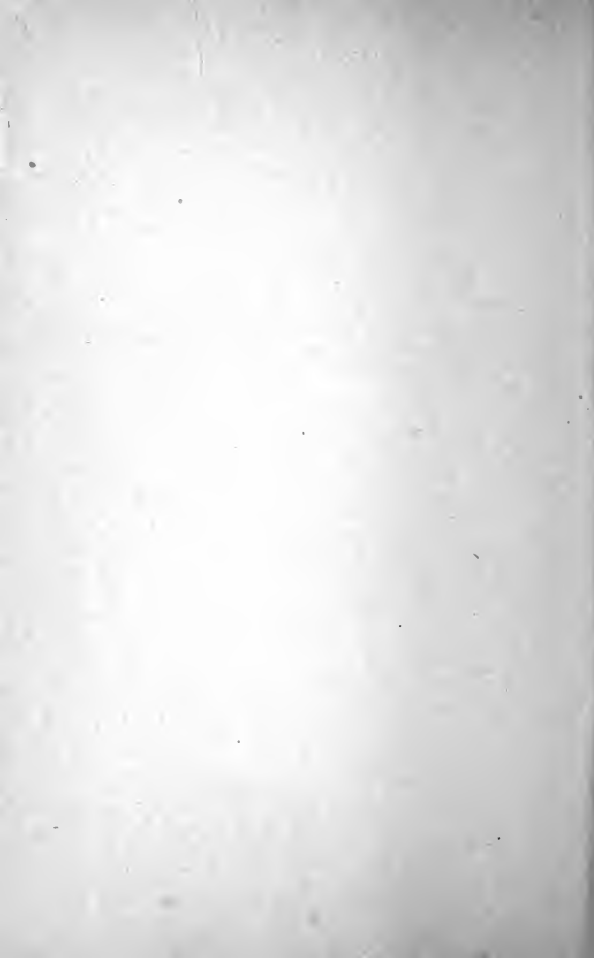
— But as the waxing moon
Goes thin and darkling for a while, then rounds
The crescent's rims with splendors, so this queen
Hath lost not queenliness. Being now obscured
She shows true gold.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Power is of constant effort.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

MAY 31st.







JUNE.

Lily! uplifting pearly-petalled cups
A sceptre thou—a silver-headed wand
By lusty June—the Lord of Summer, waved
To give to blade and bud his high command.

Ah! Vestal-bosomed—thou that all the May
From maidenly reserve wouldst not depart,
Till June's warm wooing won thee to display
The golden secret hidden in thy heart.

Without, look June: thy pearly love is smutched,
That which doth wake her gentle beauty slays.
Alas that nothing lovely lasts, if touched
By aught more real than æ longing gaze.

{ NICOLAS POUSSIN, Painter, 1594. }

JUNE 1st.

A form of heavenly mould
Eyes like a hind's in love time, face so fair
Words cannot paint its spell.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Never was here dull Pain or carping Sorrow,
But ever bright to-day promises brighter morrow.

— *The Sirens.*

JUNE 2d.

Her eyes, those lamps of love.

— *The Light of Asia.*

To be no more felt,
To fade, to melt
In the strong certainty of joys immortal;
In the glad meeting,
And quick sweet greeting
Of lips that close beyond Time's shadowy portal.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

BORN. { NICOLAS LE FEVRE, 1544. }

JUNE 1st.

JUNE 2d.

JUNE 3d.

Eyes that are full of a heavenly light
Like sister stars in the front of night;
Lips curving red like the crimson fold
Of a half-shut rose in the early cold.

— *The Fairy's Promise.*

Higher than Indra's ye may lift your lot,
And sink it lower than the worm or gnat.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 4th.

'Tis she! no other woman hath such grace!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Give more than thou takest:

If one shall salute thee,

Saying, "Peace be upon thee,"

The salute which thou makest,

Speak it friendlier still,

As beseemeth goodwill.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JUNE 3d.

JUNE 4th.

{ SOCRATES, Grecian Philosopher, B. C. 468. }

{ DIEGO VELASQUEZ, Painter, 1599; }

{ PIERRE CORNEILLE, French Dramatist, 1606. }

BORN.

JUNE 5th.

Have with this embrace what faithful love
 Can think of thanks or frame for bension —
 Too little, seeing love's strong self is weak —
 that thou mayest know —
 What others will not — that I loved thee most
 Because I loved so well all living souls.

— *The Light of Asia.*

The good think evil slowly, and they pay
 Well for their faith.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 6th.

Where Kroona-flowers, that open at a lover's lightest
 tread,
 Break, and, for shame at what they hear, from white
 blush modest red;
 And all the spears on all the boughs of all the
 Ketuk-glades
 Seem ready darts to pierce the hearts of wandering
 youths and maids.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JUNE 5th.

JUNE 6th.

JUNE 7th.

The glad Princess

Laid sorrows by, and blossomed forth anew,
As does the laughing earth when the rain falls,
And brings her unseen, waiting wonders forth.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Give freely and receive, but take from none
By greed, or force or fraud what is his own.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 8th.

The village-gates are set, and the night is grey as yet,
God hath given wondrous fancies to thee:—sing!

Then Jymul's supple fingers, with a touch that doubts
and lingers,

Sets athrill the saddest wire of all the six;
And the girls sit in a tangle, and hush the tinkling
bangle,

While the boys pile the flame with store of sticks

— *The Rajpoot's Wife.*

JUNE 7th.

JUNE 8th

JUNE 9th.

Enter me, Dearest

Debtor for love which I shall ne'er discharge

Save like a prodigal, by borrowing newly.

— *Unpublished MS.*

The Sages teach, that to walk seven steps

One with another, maketh good men friends.

— *Love and Death.*

JUNE 10th.

In thee is seen why there is hope for man

And where we hold the wheel of life at will.

Peace go with thee, and comfort all thy days!

— *The Light of Asia.*

The heavenly Muses Three

A branch of laurel gave, which they had plucked,

To be my sceptre; and they breathed a song

In music on my soul, and bade me set

Things past and things to be to that high strain.

— *From Heriod.*

JUNE 9th.

JUNE 10th.

JUNE 11th.

Ever she waits thee in heavenly bower;
 The lotus seeks not the wandering bee,
 The bee must find the flower.
 All the wood over her deep eyes roam,
 Marvelling sore where tarries the bee,
 Who leaves such leaves of nectar unsought
 As those that blossom for thee.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JUNE 12th.

The lady who did take
 All eyes and hearts along, where'er her feet
 In moving made a music.

— *The Alchemist.*

'I will seek
 Who cast away my world to save my world.'

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 11th.

JUNE 12th.

JUNE 13th.

If, for society in that fair place,

He gave glad companies,

Kinsmen and friends and helpmates, and the bliss
Of beauty's lips and eyes.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Who always sings to all, "I wait,

He loveth still who loveth late."

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JUNE 14th.

And vain! yes, vain!

For me too is it, having so much striven,

To see this fine snare take thee, and thy soul

Which should have climbed to mine, and shared my
heaven,

Spent on a lower loveliness, whose whole

Passion of love were but a parody

Of that kept here for thee.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JUNE 13th.

JUNE 14th.

JUNE 15th.

Behind — before ye, shines Eternity,
 Visible as the vault's fathomless blue,
 Which is so deep the glance goes never through,
 Though nothing stays save depth.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Two-fold is the life we live in—Fate and Will together run:
 Two wheels bear life's chariot onward—will it move on
 only one?

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 16th.

“Over the breaking wave;
 Having no neighbour but the rolling sea!
 No song but his rude music!”

— *Hero and Leander.*

It may be that the savage sea is foaming
 And wild winds roaming where thy ship goes free;
 Yet still as dearly, brother, and sincerely,
 As if more nearly, we will cling to thee.

— *The Emigrant.*

JUNE 15th.

JUNE 16th.

JUNE 17th.

If she be wise and good, patient and true,
Are not these virtues for a queen to wear,
And for a king to wed?

— *Griselda.*

The right in thee is base, the wrong a curse;
Cheat such as love themselves.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 18th.

Midnight is not so dark and deep as was his solemn
gaze,

By love and pity lighted, as the night with silvery
rays.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Though his sins were twenty thousand, twenty thousand
times o'er-told

She shall bring his soul to splendour, for her love
so large and bold.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 17th.

JUNE 18th.

} DR. ADAM FERGUSON, Historian, 1723 :
 BORN. } ANNA LETITIA AIKEN (Mrs. Barbauld), Poet, 1743.

BLAISE PASCAL, Writer, 1623.

Barbauld), Poet, 1743.

BORN. } DR. ADAM FERGUSON, Historian.
} ANNA LETITIA AIKEN (Mrs.)

{B}

Poet, 1743. }

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JUNE 19th.

JUNE 20th.

{ ANTHONY COLLINS, Author, 1676; }
{ W. C. AVTOUN, Poet, 1813. }

JUNE 21st.

The dignity
Of silver hairs is much.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

And I do think
That out of this fair house, the inner soul,
Shining, doth make it bright.

— *Griselda.*

BORN. { }
{ THOMAS DAY, Author, 1748. }

JUNE 22d.

What is the bliss that is best on earth
Lovers' light whispers and tender mirth;
Bright gleams the sun on the green sea's isle,
But a brighter light has a woman's smile:
Ever, like sunrise, fresh of hue,
Taza ba taza, now ba now.

— *Taza ba Taza.*

JUNE 21st.

JUNE 22d.

JUNE 23d.

Will not sorrow clear me?

Shine once! speak one word pitiful and dear!

Wilt thou not hear?

Cans't thou — because I did forget — forsake me?

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

— sudden bliss, as if love should not fail

Nor such vast sorrow miss to end in joy.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 24th.

Seven foemen of all foemen, very hard to vanquish
be :

The Truth-teller, the Just-dweller, and the man from
passion free,

Subtle, self-sustained, and counting frequent well won
victories,

And the man of many kinsmen — keep the peace with
such as these.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 23d.

JUNE 24th.

{ JOHN HORNE TOOKE, Author, 1736.
BORN { GEORGE MORLAND, Painter, 1763. }

JUNE 25th.

—after storm and toil

And woes beneath the midnight and the noon,
Searching the wave I won therefrom a pearl
Moonlike and glorious. . . . Then came I glad
Unto mine hills.

— *The Light of Asia.*

In His sight alway
How sweet are reverence and gentleness
Done to His creatures.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JUNE 26th.

With thee, with thee, whose love
Made all our dangers sweet?

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

Messer Torello, at the inner gate,
Waiting to take them in—a goodly host,
Stamped current with God's image for a man
Chief among men, truthful, and just, and free.

— *King Saladin.*

JUNE 25th.

JUNE 26th.

{ PIETRO GHESSI, Caricaturist, 1674. }

JUNE 27th.

with these

The nigher towns and cities swarmed like bees
To see the show; but most of all the youth:—
Ever they throng where feasts are!—to tell truth,
'Tis not, methinks, the shrine which draws them
so,—

To see the maidens those light pilgrims go!

— *Hero and Leander.*

{ SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS, Painter, 1577; }
{ JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, Mis. Writer, 1712. }

JUNE 28th.

As flame from torch to torch doth strike —
The light of life shines on, bright, joyous, warm.
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

The devils in the underworlds wear out
Deeds that were wicked in an age gone by.
Nothing endures: fair virtues waste with time,
Foul sins grow purged thereby.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JUNE 27th.

JUNE 28th.

JUNE 29th.

Moonlight makes her mournful with radiance silvery;
Even the southern breeze blown fresh from pearly
seas,

Seems to her but tainted by a dolorous brine.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Noble hearts are golden vases — close the bond true
metals make

Easily the smith may weld them, harder far it is to
break.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JUNE 30th.

The sad world blesseth thee.

— *The Light of Asia.*

A pleasant palace under pleasant skies
With cloistered courts and gilded galleries,

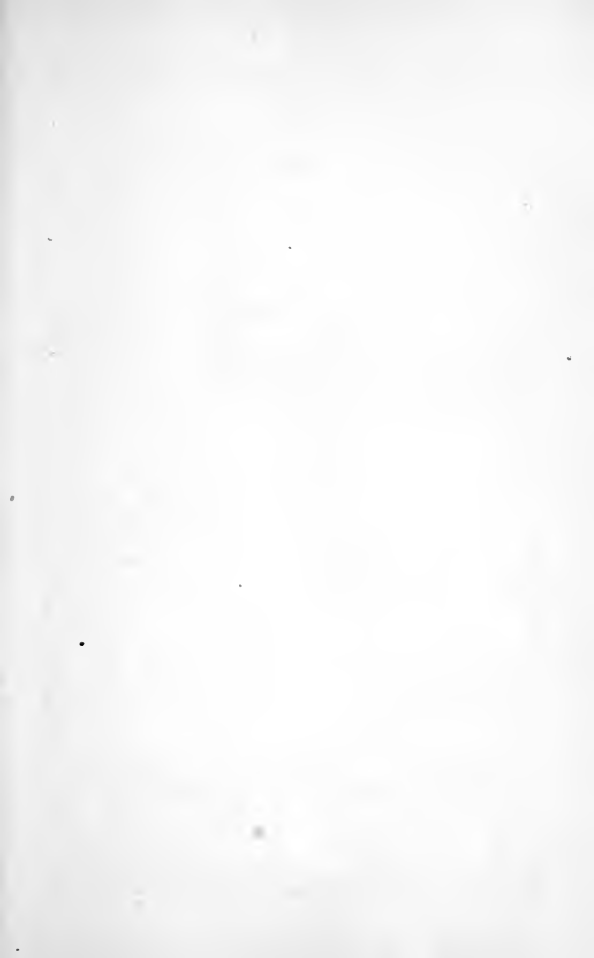
.
By court and terrace, minaret and dome,
Euphrates, rushing from his mountain home,
Rested his rage, and curbed his crested pride
To belt that palace with his bluest tide.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

JUNE 29th.

JUNE 30th.







JULY.

Proud, on the bosom of the river

White-winged, the vessels come and go,
Dropping down with ingots to deliver,
Drifting up lordly, on the flow.

Glassed in the green waters under,

Grand against the crimson of the sky,
Kings of the sunshine and the thunder,
Come they and go they in July.

Meek, to the bosom of the river,

White-leaved, the lily comes alone,
From water-grass and sedges climbing ever
Who knows the lily-bud is blown?
Who cares to think the wind of summer
Rocking the great ships to sea,
Kissed as it passed that latest comer,
Rocked the white lily and the bee?

Rocked the pale lily with its burden,

Only a worker-bee at most,
Working for nothing, save the guerdon
To live on her honey in the frost.

But on small things and large the summer shineth

Over ships and over lily globes the sky,
And the sender of the summer wind divineth,
What portion each shall have of his July.

JULY 1st.

Marching down to Armageddon —

Brothers stout and strong!

Let us cheer the way we tread on

With a soldier's song!

Faint we by the weary road,

Or fall we in the rout,

Dirge or Pæan, Death or Triumph!

Let the song ring out!

— *Armageddon.*

JULY 2d.

If sorrow falls,

Take comfort still in deeming there may be

A way to peace on earth by woes of ours.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Oh, He sees

And measures and bestows; but what is kept,

Beyond gifts here, for kindly hearts that love,

God only wotteth, and the Eternal Peace.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JULY 1st.

JULY 2d.

JULY 3d.

When the silver stars were throwing
Soft lines on the silver sea
Like a shade in the twilight showing
Came my life unto me.

— *The Two Wreaths.*

More than was well the goodly things of earth
Pleased thee, my pleasant brother!

— *The Indian Idylls.*

JULY 4th.

My heart stays here! have pity! let me know
Thou giv'st me back some trifle, if not all
Of thine. Good-bye! Good-night! *la buona sera!*
Sleep soft, and think kind things of thy Vallera!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

My heart resolved, my mouth hath spoken it,
My hand shall execute.

— *Love and Death.*

JULY 3d.

JULY 4th.

JULY 5th.

Oh, sing a simple song, for I have thought,
Listening to many a modern line and lay
Of minstrelsy excelling, that their strings
Strove for too great an utterance, and so missed
The ready road that quiet music finds
Right to the heart; like as an o'erstrained bow
Shoots past the butt.

— *Griselda*.

JULY 6th.

Grant us grace to see
Our gain is what we loose for Thee.

— *The Pearls of the Faith*.

I too am lion, thou wilt find.

—“*The Epic of the Lion*.” *From the French of Victor Hugo*.

Golden gift, serene contentment! have thou that, and
all is had;
Thrust thy slipper on, and think thee that the earth
is leather-clad.

— *The Book of Good Counsels*.

JULY 5th.

JULY 6th.

JULY 7th.

Better than themselves the wise
Trust the righteous. Each relies
Most upon the good, and makes
Friendship with them. Friendship takes
Fear from hearts; yet friends betray
In good men we may trust alway.

— *Love and Death.*

She was no light-o'-love, to change and change.

— *Vernier.*

JULY 8th.

Make fast around me
The silk soft manacles of wrists and hands,
Then kill me! I shall never break those bands.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

This we Muslims grave
On polished gem and painted architrave;
But thou, write its great letters on thy heart,
Lauding the Mighty One, whose work thou art.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JULY 7th.

JULY 8th.

JULY 9th.

Yes, we shall meet!

Therefore I bear

This winter-tide as bravely as I may,

Patiently waiting for the bright spring day

That cometh with thee, dear.

— *A ma Future.*

Truly, richer than all riches, better than the best of
gain,

Wisdom is, unbought, secure — once won, none loseth
her again.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 10th.

Hath she a charm

To witch all hearts to her? There's not a tongue
That hath not learned to laud her.

Aye! and none

That laudeth worthily.

— *Griselda.*

Truth is to heaven the best of ways,

And a kind heart wins happy days.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

JULY 9th.

JULY 10th.

{ JEAN FRANÇOIS MARMONTEL, Poet, 1723 ;
{ LALANDE, Mathematician, 1732.

{ CAIUS JULIUS CÆSAR, Roman Emperor, 100 B. C. ;
{ JOSIAH WEDGWOOD, Potter, 1739.

BORN.

JULY 11th.

Radiant with heavenly pity, lost in care
For those he knew not, save as fellow-lives.

— *The Light of Asia.*

But Peace hath victories of deed and word,
Won with a subtler weapon than the sword:
And civic wreaths a greener gleam display,
Than the stained garlands of the finished fray.

— *Congratulatory Address.*

JULY 12th.

Her eyes can steal a shepherd's soul away
Through wall of flesh, whenever she doth look;
You see her, and you love, the self-same day,
Albeit the story goes her heart is rock.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Safe within the husk of silence guard the seed of
counsel so
That it break not—being broken, then the seedling
will not grow.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 11th.

JULY 12th.

{ MAURICE MACMAHON, Marshal, 1808. }

JULY 13th.

The constant virtues of the good, are tenderness and
love

To all that lives — in earth, air, sea — great, small —
below, above;

Compassionate of heart, they keep a gentle thought
for each,

Kind in their actions, mild in will, and pitiful of
speech;

Who pitieth not he hath not faith; full many an one
so lives,

But when an enemy seeks help the good man gladly
gives.

— *Love and Death.*

{ SIR ROBERT STRANGE, Artist, 1721; }
BORN. { JOHN HUNTER, Surgeon, 1728. }

JULY 14th.

And so I grasp my purpose, and I swear
To win the wreath that I am set to wear.

— *Sonnet.*

We draw the breath on trust — all — all, my Lord,
Living the little minutes at the will

Of one given creditor, whose sudden stroke
Signs the acquittance with the blood of life.

— *Griselda.*

JULY 13th.

JULY 14th.

JULY 15th.

The lesson that thy faithful love has taught him
He has heard;

The wind of spring obeying thee hath brought him
At thy word.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

The aching craze to live ends, and life glides —
Lifeless — to nameless quiet, nameless joy
— Sinless, stirless rest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 16th.

Banish care,
Soothe it with flutings, startle it with drums,
Trick it with gold and velvets, till it glow
Into a seeming pleasure.

— *Vernier.*

Greeting fair and room to rest in, fire and water
from the well —

Simple gifts — are given freely in the house where
good men dwell.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 15th.

JULY 16th.

{ DR. ISAAC WATTS, Divine, 1674. }
{ DR. JOHN DEE, Astronomer and Mathematician, 1527; }
{ GILBERT WHITE, Author, 1720. }
BORN.

JULY 17th.

Tear and smile go wondrous well together.

Symbolism.

He is become

All which was shewn, a teacher of the wise,

Who doth deliver men and save all flesh

By sweetest speech and pity vast as Heaven.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Self-love slays

Our noble brother.

The Indian Idylls.

JULY 18th.

We are they whose torn battalions

Trained to bleed not fly!

Make our agonies a triumph—

Conquer while we die!

— *Armageddon.*

Ye take no more the meaning than one takes

Measure of ocean by the cup that slakes

His thirst, from rillet running to the sea.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JULY 17th.

JULY 18th.

JULY 19th.

Valiant, wise, and true;
Victorious over sense, a worshipper;
Liberal in giving, prudent, dear alike
To peasant and to townsman: one whose joy
Lived in the weal of all men.

— *Love and Death.*

Who practises what good he knows
Himself a Brahmana he shows.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

JULY 20th.

The glossy golden lilies of the land
Lost lustre in her hair; and that she owned
The noble Norman eye—the violet eye
Almost—so far and fine its lashes drooped,
Wakened to purple.

— *Vernier.*

I know there might be woes to bear
Would lay fond Patience with her face in dust.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 19th.

JULY 20th.

MATHEW PRIOR, Poet, 1664. }

BORN. { JOSEPH GARIBALDI, Patriot and General, 1807. }

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JULY 21st.

JULY 22d.

{ TITIAN (TIZIANO VECELLI), Painter, 1480. }

BORN. { REV. JOHN NEWTON, Divine, 1725. }

— *Love and Death.*

If in my grasp that dear hand I could hold
I'd not unclasp, to have mine filled with gold!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

— craves to see thy face

As the night-blowing moon-flower's swelling heart
Pines for the moon.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 23d.

JULY 24th.

BORN. { WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRÆD, Poet, 1802. }
{ MRS. ELIZABETH HAMILTON, Authoress, 1758. }

JULY 25th.

I follow virtue, and I speak plain truth!

— *Hero and Leander.*

Each hath such lordship as the loftiest ones;

Nay, for with Powers above, around, below,

As with all flesh and whatsoever lives,

Act maketh joy and woe.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Who, ere he makes a gain has spent it,

Will repent it.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 26th.

Sweet one! don't be too proud—for the

spring tide passes like dreaming.

— *From the Greek of Bion.*

Unto him who is thy brother,

Unto kindred, friends also,

Orphans, suppliants, sad ones, show

Gentleness and help; to each

Speak with kind and courteous speech.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

JULY 25th.

JULY 26th.

JULY 27th.

Sweet one! whether

Early or late we see thee, 'tis as neat
And fair and wholesome as new-bolted wheat!

— *La Nencia du Barberino.*

— The man

With senses naked to the sensible
A helpless mirror of all shows which pass
Across his heart.

— *The Light of Asia.*

JULY 28th.

When a bird's wing stirs the roses,
When a leaf falls dead,
Twenty times he recomposes
The flower-seat he has spread:
Twenty times, with anxious glances
Seeking thee in vain,
Sighing ever by the river,
Krishna droops again.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

JULY 27th.

JULY 28th.

JULY 29th.

She looked as fresh
As stars at twilight or as April's heaven;
A floweret—you had said—divinely given,
To show on earth how God's own lilies grow.
—*"The Epic of the Lion."* From the French of Victor Hugo.

None strips off
These sad delights and pleasant griefs who lacks
Knowledge to know them snares.

—*The Light of Asia.*

JULY 30th.

Look'st thou, my Star, on the stars? Ah! God that I
were the heavens,
How with my millions of eyes, I would look down
upon thee.

—*From Plato.*

If I have kept the fast,
Made sacrifices, given gifts, and wrought
Service to holy men, may this black night
Be bright to those and thee.

—*Love and Death.*

JULY 29th.

JULY 30th. •

JULY 31st.

I mind me not
Of any boon the loving heart hath asked,
Nor any one untimely word she spake ;
Let it be as she prayeth.

— *Love and Death.*

Better few and chosen fighters than of shaven crowns
a host,
For in headlong flight confounded, with the base the
brave are lost.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

JULY 31st.







AUGUST.

Once with a landlord wondrous fine
A weary guest I tarried,
A golden pippin was his sign
Upon a green branch carried.

Mine host, he was an apple-tree,
With whom I took my leisure
Fine fruit, mellowed juicily,
He gave me of his treasure.

There came to that same hostel gay
Fine guests, in bright adorning
A merry feast they made all day
And chirped and slept till morning

Then, to rest, my body laid
On bed of crimson clover
The landlord with his own broad shade
Carefully spread me over.

Him, I called to bring the score
But "no!" he grandly boweth,
Now, root and fruit, for ever more
God bless him while he groweth.

BORN. {
CARDINAL NICHOLAS WISEMAN, 1802. }

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AUGUST 1st.

AUGUST 2d.

{ CHRISTINE NILSSON, Prima Donna, 1843. }

BORN. { PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY, Poet, 1792. }

BORN. }

Who taught how sweet a mortal voice might be.

AUGUST 4th.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

Tells of the path, and turns her from her doom.

—*The Feast of Belshazzar.*

AUGUST 3d.

AUGUST 4th.

AUGUST 5th.

— unto all that live

He giveth, and He loveth those who give.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

— who is wise feeds his sense

No longer on false shows, fills his firm mind

To seek not, strive not, wrong not; bearing meek

All ills which flow from foregone wrongfulness

—till all the sum of ended life

Grows pure and sinless.

— *The Light of Asia.*

AUGUST 6th.

And fastened on her ankles the hundred silver bells,
To whose light laugh of music the Nautch-girl darts
and dwells.

And all in dress a Nautch-girl, but all in heart a
queen,

She set her foot to stirrup with a sad and settled mien.

— *The Rajpoot's Wife.*

Let us do our part to-day.

— *Armageddon.*

AUGUST 5th.

AUGUST 6th.

{ ADAM VON BARTSCH, Engraver, 1757. }

AUGUST 7th.

When we both are very weary
Heart of mine,
And all before is dreary
Heart of mine
With never a friend to love us,
And life's sky black above us,
Shall we faint because they prove us,
Heart of mine?

— *Heart of Mine.*

{ SIR GODFREY KNELLER, Painter, 1646;
BORN. { FRANCIS HUTCHESON, Moral Philosopher, 1694. }

AUGUST 8th.

— that which did impose
The gentle law, that each should be
The other's Heav'n and harmony.

— *The Indian Song of Songs*

Nay, but stay! it can't be really
All a solemn sterling pound,
I've seen so few — I'll ring it fairly:
Mammon! there's a sound!

— *The Poor Scholar to his Pound Sterling.*

AUGUST 7th.

AUGUST 8th.

{ JOHN DRYDEN, Poet, 1631;
JOHN OLDHAM, Satirical Poet, 1653. }

{ GENERAL SIR CHARLES JAMES NAPIER, Conqueror of }
Scinde, 1782. }

{ BORN. }

AUGUST 9th.

He loved,—the truest, newest lip
That ever lover pressed,—
The queenliest mouth of all the south
Long love for him confessed.

— *Rest.*

Within ourselves deliverance must be sought
Each man his prison makes.

— *The Light of Asia.*

AUGUST 10th.

A dimple in her chin my love hath got
Which makes her bright laugh lovelier to see.
There is no single charm she boasteth not
I think dame Nature framed her purposely
So fair, so fine, so noble, and so tender

That all the world might worship to her render.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

AUGUST 9th.

AUGUST 10th

{ THOMAS BETTERTON, Actor, 1635 ; }
{ JOSEPH NOLLEKENS, Sculptor, 1737. }

AUGUST 11th.

“I pray thee let me see thy hand ;
I have some skill at palmistry.”

“Tis there,

Not fair, but very frank : what canst thou read ? ”
“A world of meanings in its tender white ;
And goodness, gentleness, and maidenhood,
In its blue-veined beauty.”

— *Griselda.*

{ THOMAS BEWICK, Wood Engraver, 1753 ; }
{ ROBERT SOUTHEY, Poet, 1774. }

AUGUST 12th.

I burn with love ; love makes me bold to sing
Praise of the damsel who undoes my heart ;
Each time I think a little tender thing
About her.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

That which will not be, will not be — and what is to
be will be :

Why not drink this easy physic, antidote of misery ?

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

· AUGUST 11th.

AUGUST 12th.

AUGUST 13th.

Peace hath her battle-fields, where they who fight
Win more than honour, vanquish more than might
And strive a strife against a fiercer foe
Than one who comes with battle-axe and bow
And this was thine.

— *Congratulatory Address.*

Yet there must be aid!
For them and me and all there must be help!

— *The Light of Asia.*

AUGUST 14th.

“For him who gave
His life as nothing in the fight,
Let there be made a cross of bronze
And grave thereon my queenly crest,
Write *valour* on its haughty scroll,
And hang it on his breast.”

— *The Order of Valour.*

Come forth and show thyself.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

AUGUST 13th.

AUGUST 14th.

AUGUST 15th.

The world her match for beauty cannot bring,
No other eyes such lovely lightnings dart.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Soft music to sage musing lends relief.

— *From Aristippus.*

All changes; and the gods are mortal too.

— *The Birth of Death.*

AUGUST 16th.

For the worst that comes to-morrow
Will but mend.

We can bear the deepest sorrow
It can send :

The sun we thought declining,
Behind the cloud is shining,
We can wait without repining
For the end.

— *Heart of Mine*

AUGUST 15th.

AUGUST 16th.

JOHN VARLEY, Painter, 1778; }
FREDERICA BREMER, Novelist, 1801. }

BORN. { JOHN, EARL RUSSELL, Statesman, 1792. }

Pain of pleasures not yet won,
Pain of journeys not yet done,
Pain of toiling without gaining,
Pain, 'mid gladness, of still paining.

AUGUST 18th.

— *Venier.*

AUGUST 17th.

AUGUST 18th.

AUGUST 19th.

Of pink sea-coral are her dear lips dight,
With underneath, two strings of sea-pearl plenty.
— *La Nencia da Barberino*.

—and with it this poor ring:
Set it upon thy sword-hand, and in fight
Be merciful and win, thinking on me.
— *King Saladin*.

The ache of greed doth never go.
— *The Enchanted Lake*.

AUGUST 20th.

— While the east, a-glow,
Blazed with bright spears of gold athwart the blue.
— *The Pearls of the Faith*.

But men do say that he can change and change;
They say he hath two faces, and two favours —
One for his fasting-days, and one for feasts,
Bitter and sweet.

— *Griselda*.

AUGUST 19th.

AUGUST 20th.

AUGUST 21st.

But tell me—and tell true—what town is thine,
And whence thy birth and name?—Thou knowest
mine.

—*Hero and Leander.*

To foeman who so dreadful, to friend what heart so
true?

—*The Rajpoot's Wife.*

Ascetics, very holy; seeking still
The heavenward road.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

AUGUST 22d.

Sweeter than honey, and more dear to see
Than any loveliness on land or sea
By bard or lover praised, or famed in story.
—*The Pearls of the Faith.*

The dewdrop and the star shine sisterly
Globing together in the common work.
—*The Light of Asia.*

AUGUST 21st.

AUGUST 22d.

AUGUST 23d.

Lady of grace!

Her quiet lips' light touch were like a rose leaf.

— *Griselda.*

Only one Judge is just, for only One
Knoweth the hearts of men; and hearts alone
Are guilty, or are guiltless.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

This gave me strange joy!

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

AUGUST 24th.

Oh heart too hard! what maiden would not render
Love to a lover loving her like me?

Who else would melt not, and wax honey-tender

Seeing me suffer thus: Ah, Nencia! see!

Thou knowest I am so faithful; must it end here

The pain which should be crowned with joy by thee.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

He that hath strength hath strength.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

AUGUST 23d.

AUGUST 24th.



SEPTEMBER.

The harvest moon stands on the sea,
Her golden rim's a-drip;
She lights the sheaves on many a lea,
The sails on many a ship:
Glitter, sweet Queen, on silver spray
And glimmer on the heather;
Right fair thy ray to shew the way
When lovers walk together.

The red wheat rustles, and the vines
Are purple to the root,
And true-love, waiting patient, wins
Its blessed time of fruit;
Lamp of all lovers, Lady-moon,
Light these ripe lips together
Which reap alone a harvest sown
Long ere September weather.

{ BARTHOLD NIEBHIER, Historian, 1776. }

BORN. { GOETHE, German Poet, 1749. }

Siddârtha answered, "Friend, that love is false
Which clings to love for selfish sweets of love."

Be of good heart.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Never are noble spirits
Poor while their like survive;
True love has gems to render,
And virtue wealth to give.
Never is lost or wasted
The goodness of the good;
Never against a mercy,
Against a right, it stood;
And seeing this, that virtue
Is always friend to all,
The virtuous and true-hearted,
Men their "protectors" call.

— *Love and Death.*

AUGUST 27th.

AUGUST 28th.

{ JOHN LOCKE, Philosopher, 1632 ; }
{ JOHN HENRY LAMBERT, Philosopher, 1728. }

AUGUST 29th.

Yet he was fair,
Oh! very fair,—nay, almost fair enough
To love, if only it were well to love;
And if to love were to be loved again,
And if, and if, and if —

— *Griselda.*

Peace abide with me!

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

AUGUST 30th.

There grew,
A lovely, stately, lustrous maid,
Whose beauty was so rich to see
No verse can tell it worthily.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

We are they who will not take
From palace, priest, or code,
A meaner Law than "Brotherhood,"—
A lower Lord than God.

— *Armageddon.*

BORN. { DAVID HARTLEY, Philosopher, 1705. }

AUGUST 29th.

AUGUST 30th.

AUGUST 31st.

Lute! breathe thy lowest in my lady's ear,

Sing while she sleeps, "ah! belle dame, amiez-vous?"

Till dreaming still, she dream that I am here,

And wake to find it, as my love is, true.

— *Serenade.*

Dead though he be, that mortal lives

Whose virtuous memory survives.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

AUGUST 31st.







SEPTEMBER.

The harvest moon stands on the sea,
Her golden rim's a-drip;
She lights the sheaves on many a lea,
The sails on many a ship:
Glitter, sweet Queen, on silver spray
And glimmer on the heather;
Right fair thy ray to shew the way
When lovers walk together.

The red wheat rustles, and the vines
Are purple to the root,
And true-love, waiting patient, wins
Its blessed time of fruit;
Lamp of all lovers, Lady-moon,
Light these ripe lips together
Which reap alone a harvest sown
Long ere September weather.

SEPTEMBER 1st.

I pray to God
To send you both of his good grace delights,
And pleasance, and fair fortunes, and long loves
Unto your life's end.

— *Griselda.*

— they
Checking the jangling bits, and chiding down
The unfinished laugh to listen —

— *King Saladin.*

SEPTEMBER 2d.

Thus, as the manner of all maidens is,
Her soft lips rated, though her heart was his;
And he by love's quick instinct knew it so,
And let her dear delicious accents flow
In anger musical, for when maids scold,
With looks that pardon, lovers may be bold.

— *Hero and Leander.*

Mar not your gifts with grudging word or will.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

SEPTEMBER 1st.

SEPTEMBER 2d.

SEPTEMBER 3d.

Speed this spell! if it brings you,
Delphis, love shall live anew:
If in vain I watch and wait,
Delphis, love will turn to hate!

— *From Theocritus.*

Wise men, holding wisdom highest, scorn delights as
false as fair.

Daily live they as Death's fingers twined already in
their hair.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 4th.

For seeking still to know where thou art, Rover,
We but discover that our love is there;
Far, far behind thee, we are strong to find thee,
Oh then remind thee of the love left here.

— *The Emigrant.*

We
Hate this accursed flesh which clogs the soul
That fain would rise.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 3d.

SEPTEMBER 4th.

SEPTEMBER 5th.

With Him of all things secret are the keys;
None other hath them, but He hath; and sees
Whatever is in land, or air, or water,
Each bloom that blows, each foam-bell on the seas.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

— The gods reward thy love
Which hath such honor.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

SEPTEMBER 6th.

In paths of peace and virtue
Always the good remain;
And sorrow shall not stay with them
Nor long access of pain;
At meeting or at parting
Joys to their bosom strike;
For good to good is friendly,
And virtue loves her like.

— *Love and Death.*

SEPTEMBER 5th.

SEPTEMBER 6th.

SEPTEMBER 7th.

Ah, soul! with hope and watching worn,
Mourn not thy leafless spring!
The joyless days of life were born
The joyful ones to bring.

— *Wait Yet.*

Thy race counteth a hundred thrones
From Maha Sammât, but no deed like this.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 8th.

And I sink my spear head bright
As beseemeth younger knight,
And I kneel, but not to yield
For I keep the tented field
And the challenge — none so fine!
None a hand — like Katherine.

— *Alla Mano della Mia Donna.*

“Sense-life” false in its gladness, false in sadness.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 7th.

SEPTEMBER 8th.

{ ALOISIO SALVANI, Physicist, 1737. }

BORN. { MUNGO PARK, Traveller, 1771. }

BORN. { MUNGO PARK, Traveller, 1771. }

— *The Light of Asia.*

BORN. { MUNGO PARK, Traveller, 1771. }

—*Love and Death.*

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 9th.

SEPTEMBER 10th.

SEPTEMBER 11th.

Ah! beauty, rich and rare
If thou be casket to a mind like thee,
There were a piece of quaint and perfect work
Worthy a monarch's winning.

— *Griselda.*

When he doth rise they rise again with bud and
blossom ripe,
To bask awhile in his warm smile, who is their lord
and life.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 12th.

And now her singing all the feast enhances!
And, dancing, now all dancers she out-dances!
— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Lo! I would pour my blood if it could stay
Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which
drives
O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 11th.

SEPTEMBER 12th.

{ SIR WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, States-
man, 1520.
BORN. { LUIGI CARLO CHERUBINI, Mus. Composer, 1760. }

SEPTEMBER 13th.

To the music the banded bees make him
He closeth his ear ;
In the blossoms their small horns are blowing
The honey-song clear.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Thy piety, thy purity, thy fasts,
The largesse of thy hands, thy heart's wide love,
Thy strength of faith, have pleased.

— *Love and Death.*

SEPTEMBER 14th.

Lead me with the sound of song,
Sweep solemn music forth from balanced wings,
And leave it cloud-like in the fluttered sky,
That I may feel and follow.

— *The Lost Pleiad.*

Gems will no man's life sustain,
Best of all gold is golden grain.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 13th.

SEPTEMBER 14th.

SEPTEMBER 15th.

How like a heavenly angel she doth come!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Fancies fair his mind do throng,

Like pictures palace-walls along.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Paradise is for them that check their wrath,
And pardon sins; so Allah doth with souls;
He loveth best him who himself controls.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

SEPTEMBER 16th.

Thereat, with running ditty of mingled pain and pity,
Jymul Rao makes the six wires sigh;
And the girls with tearful eyes note the music's fall
and rise,

And the boys let the fire fade and die.

— *The Rajpoot's Wife.*

Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse,
Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Sôma juice.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 15th.

SEPTEMBER 16th.

{ SAMUEL PROUT, Painter, 1783. }

BORN. { SAMUEL JOHNSON, Author, 1709. }

Then bade they him
Gaze in the stream which glided stilly,
'Mid water-roses and white lily,
Under those lawns and smiling skies
That make delight in Paradise.
— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

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SEPTEMBER 17th.

SEPTEMBER 18th

BORN. { ALEXANDER THE GREAT, CONQUEROR, 356, B. C. } { HENRY, LORD BROUGHAM, STATESMAN, 1779. }

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SEPTEMBER 19th.

SEPTEMBER 20th.

SEPTEMBER 21st.

Be master of thyself, if thou wilt be
Servant of Duty.

— *Love and Death.*

After laughter ever follows tears,
And Pleasure ever brings his Shadow, Pain.

— *November.*

Good things come not out of bad things, wisely leave
a longed-for ill,
Nectar being mixed with poison serves no purpose
but to kill.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 22d.

By every husband nourished and protected
Should every wife be.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

He, for whose smile the pale-eyed scholar prayed;
He, for whose glance the gay mantilla stayed!

— *The Island of Trees.*

Man hath no fate except past deeds,
No Hell but what he makes.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 21st.

SEPTEMBER 22d.

DR. JEREMY COLLIER, Author, 1650. }

BORN. } SHARON TURNER, Historian, 1768. }

Of that bright Paradise which waits
The wise in love. Ah, human creatures!
Even your phantasies are teachers.

SEPTEMBER 24th.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

Sunshine still must follow rain!

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

SEPTEMBER 23d.

SEPTEMBER 24th.

SEPTEMBER 25th.

Never tires the fire of burning,
Never wearies death of slaying,
Nor the sea of drinking rivers
Nor the bright-eyed of betraying.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

— her babe knowing, belike, as children know,
More than we deem and reverencing our Lord.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 26th.

I know nought of thy mind.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

Yudhisthira knew his time was come,
Knew that life passes and that virtue lasts,
And put aside their love.

— *The Great Journey.*

— Sin which flows from strife, some sweet,
Some bitter.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 25th.

SEPTEMBER 26th.

BORN. { JOHN CARTWRIGHT, Political Reformer, 1740. } { GEORGE CRUIKSHANK, Caricaturist, 1792. }

BORN. { JOHN CARTWRIGHT, Political Reformer, 1740. }

Foe is friend, and friend is foe,
As our actions make them so.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 28th.

Nay! when one speaks of that, how deft she is!
There's no such nimble worker in the land.

You never saw such skill.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

The string o'erstretched breaks, and the music flies;
The string o'erslack is dumb, and music dies;
Tune us the sitar neither low nor high.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 27th.

SEPTEMBER 28th.

{ ROBERT, LORD CLIVE, General, 1725,
HORATIO, LORD NELSON, Admiral, 1758. }

BORN. { LORD RAGLAN, Field Marshal, 1788. }

SEPTEMBER 29th.

'Tis very like thou wilt not hold me hence
In fair remembrance.

— *Griselda.*

"Yon cloud which floats in heaven," the Prince re-
plied,

"Wreathed like gold cloth around your Indra's throne,
Rose thither from the tempest-driven sea.

— *The Light of Asia.*

May you be as lucky as you hope.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

SEPTEMBER 30th.

I am moved

By those soft words; justly their accents fell,
And sweet and reasonable was their sense.

— *Love and Death.*

—that fair love which doth not feed
On fleeting sense, that life which knows no age,
That blessed last of deaths when Death is dead.

— *The Light of Asia.*

SEPTEMBER 29th.

SEPTEMBER 30th.







OCTOBER.

A bold brunette she is, radiant with mirth,
Who comes a-tripping over corn-fields cropped;
Fruit, flowers, and full ears, from her garland dropped,
Carpet her feet along the gladdened earth;

For round her brow glitters a careless crown
Of bronzed oak, and apple leaves, and vine;
And russet nuts and country berries twine
About her gleaming shoulders and loose gown.

Like grape at vintage, when its ripe blood glows,
Glow so her sweet cheek, summer-touched but fair,
And like grape tendrils, all her wealth of hair,
Gold on a ground of brown, nods as she goes.

.

Ah! golden autumn hours—fly not so fast!
Let the glad Lady long with us delay;
The sunset makes the sun so wished for stay
Of three fair sisters—loveliest and the last.

OCTOBER 1st.

Well content

Because she saw love lighted in his heart.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

Men

Fear so to die they are afraid to fear,

Lust so to live they dare not love their life.

— *The Light of Asia.*

So be friendship never parted.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 2d.

O rare voice, which is a spell

Unto all on earth who dwell!

O rich voice of rapturous love,

Making melody above!

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Sons are the second souls of man;

And wives the heaven-sent friends.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 1st.

OCTOBER 2d.

OCTOBER 3d.

Life's thirst quenches itself
With draughts which double thirst.

— *The Light of Asia.*

There be four sins, O Sâkra, grievous sins;
The first is making suppliants despair,
The second is to slay a nursing wife,
The third is spoiling Brahman's goods by force,
The fourth is injuring an ancient friend.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

OCTOBER 4th.

Gentle and true, simple and kind was she,
Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all
And gladsome looks—a pearl of womanhood.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Sweeter I call thy strain than the tinkle of water that
trickles,
Tinckling, and trickling, and rippling adown the green
shelves of the mountain.

— *From Theocritus.*

OCTOBER 3d.

OCTOBER 4th.

OCTOBER 5th.

All my heart is fixed to think how Love
Might save its sweetness from the slayer, Time,
Who makes men old.

— *The Light of Asia.*

— words are as breath
And will is all.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Who loveth most of saints is first.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 6th.

Her cheek was touched with tender dye
Such as new rosebuds have—not white nor red,
But sunlit-snow: in sooth you would have said
She was all made of rose leaves, she did show
So fair and fine under her thin gown's flow,
Such rose-leaf arms! such roseate shoulders!

— *Hero and Leander.*

OCTOBER 5th.

OCTOBER 6th.

{ CHARLES ABBOTT, LORD LEUTERDEN, Jurist, 1762. }
{ DR. JOHN HOADLY, Dramatist, 1711. }
BORN.

OCTOBER 7th.

Let the wonder
Of thy dark blessed eyes gleam on me! come!
Eyes which befit thy beauteous breast and brow
Being angelic, and an angel thou.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Master of himself, and sternly steadfast to the right-
ful way:

Very mindful of past service, valiant, faithful, true of
heart.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 8th.

Her eyes

Speak so that Krishna cannot choose but send her
message back.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Hast thou never watched, awaiting till the great man's
door unbarred?

Didst thou never linger parting, saying many a sad
last word?

Spak'st thou never word of folly, one light thing thou
would'st recall?

Rare and noble hath thy life been! Fair thy fortune
did befall!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 7th.

OCTOBER 8th.

OCTOBER 9th.

He took some faded leaves and flowers up
And idly handled them; but while his hands
Toyed with them, lo! they blossomed forth again
With lovelier life than ever.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Halt traveller! Rest i' the shade; then up and
leave it!

Stay soul! take fill of love, nor losing, grieve it!

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 10th.

Lovely and gentle and wise is she,
I love her most truly and faithfully.

— *The Fairy's Promise.*

The likeness of the evil heart, bestowing
That men may praise, is as the thin-clad peak,
Wherefrom the rain washes all soil for growing,
Leaving the hard rock naked, fruitless, bleak.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

OCTOBER 9th.

OCTOBER 10th.

OCTOBER 11th.

'Tis bitter to know that we are not the best
In the earnest strife for an honored name;
That a lower heart and a colder breast
Hath more of the books than ourselves may claim.
— *Defeat.*

To the green banks where quick Payoshni runs
Seaward between her hermitages, rich
In fruit and roots.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

OCTOBER 12th.

Measure not with words.

Th' Immeasurable; nor sink the string of thought
Into the Fathomless. Who asks doth err,
Who answers, errs. Say nought!

— *The Light of Asia.*

Which virtue of virtues is first? and which bears
most fruit?

To bear no malice is the best;
And reverence is fruitfullest.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 11th.

OCTOBER 12th.

OCTOBER 13th.

For Love hath many wiles to heal the heart
Of those that bleed with his unshunnéd dart;
And, of himself, will counsel oft afford
To those of whom th' Almighty Boy is Lord.

— *Hero and Leander.*

The twitter of the sun-birds starting forth
To find the honey ere the bees be out.

— *The Light of Asia.*

OCTOBER 14th.

Brunettes, and the Banyan's shadow,
Well-springs, and a brick-built wall,
Are all alike cool in the summer,
And warm in the winter—all.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

What good gift have my brothers, but it came
From search and strife and loving sacrifice?

— *The Light of Asia.*

OCTOBER 13th.

OCTOBER 14th.

OCTOBER 15th.

Gracious and loving, dutiful and dear.

— *Love and Death.*

Splendor-throned queen! immortal Aphrodite!
Daughter of Jove—Enchantress! I implore thee
Vex not my soul with agonies and anguish;
Slay me not, Goddess

— *From Sappho.*

Anger is man's unconquered foe.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 16th.

Long—long ago, but soon to grow real,
To end, and be waking and certain and true;
Of which dear surety murmur her lips,
As the lips of sleepers do.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

By worship rightly man doth go.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

OCTOBER 15th.

OCTOBER 16th.

{ SIR JOHN BOWRING, Author, 1792 ;
{ ISA CRAIG, Poet, 1831.

OCTOBER 17th.

But thou'lt go now,—
Take hence the tresses of thy hyacinth hair.—
Nay, nay! unbind them not,—'tis over fair,—
Keep the band on thy brow.

—*From Aristippus.*

Her stainless cheeks have all the softened light
Of misted marble, chiselled smooth and dainty;
Amid the blooms of Beauty she is Rose;
The wide world no such lovely wonder shews.

—*La Nencia da Barberino.*

OCTOBER 18th.

Oh! leave the withered Past,
And turn ye to the time that liveth now.
Will ye be looking in the fallen leaves
For the green beauty of the parted Spring?
Or will ye seek in last year's naked nest
The speckled egg it cradled?

—*Past, Present and Future.*

—gentleness is chief of virtues.

—*Nala and Damayanti.*

{ THOMAS PHILLIPS, Painter, 1770.
{ BORN.

OCTOBER 17th.

OCTOBER 18th.

OCTOBER 19th.

High on the turret many an autumn eve,
When the light, merry swallow tried his plumes
For foreign flight, she gave him messages, —
Fond messages of love.

— *Vernier.*

Tender and true, whose virtue was thy crown,
Whose royalty — was royally to live.

— *Ode to the Princess Alice.*

OCTOBER 20th.

So, swimming to his love,
He steered with face set hard where that ray shone,
Ship — pilot — rower — merchant, all in one.

— *Hero and Leander.*

He who gave the swan her silver
And the hawk her plumes of pride,
And his purples to the peacock,
— He will verily provide.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 19th.

OCTOBER 20th.

OCTOBER 21st.

Ah! not to love is sad and hard,
 And yet to love is heavy pain;
 But harder, heavier it is,
 Fondly to love, and love in vain.

— *From Anacreon.*

Green glades where pea fowl sported, crystal streams,
 And soaring hills whose green sides burned with blooms.

— *Love and Death.*

OCTOBER 22d.

A girlish rose with shut leaves, waiting dawn
 To open and make daylight beautiful.

— *The Light of Asia.*

His nobleness he had of none, War's Master taught
 him war,
 And prouder praise that Master gave than meaner lips
 can mar;
 Gone to his grave, his duty done; if farther any seek,
 He left his life to answer them,—a soldier's,—let it
 speak.

— *In Memoriam.*

OCTOBER 21st.

OCTOBER 22d.

{ FRANCIS, LORD JEFFREY, Eminent Critic, 1773. }

{ SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, Historian, 1765; }
{ DAVID ROBERTS, Painter, 1796. }

OCTOBER 23d.

Strong affection, stronger ever,
Honour true and tried,
Trust and courage failing never,
Patience and high pride.

— *The Casket.*

Better for the proud of spirit, death, than life with
losses told;
Fire consents to be extinguished, but submits not to
be cold.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 24th.

By art
Men vanquish fortune and the mightiest odds.

— *The Night of Slaughter.*

Sorrow is
Shadow to life, moving where life doth move;
Not to be laid aside until one lays
Living aside, with all its changing states,
Birth, growth, decay, love, hatred, pleasure, pain,
Being and doing.

— *The Light of Asia.*

OCTOBER 23d.

OCTOBER 24th.

OCTOBER 25th.

But never once
Saw I a girl so dear, discreet and taking
With cheek, and neck and nape, and dimpled chin -
So smooth and white, or of such perfect making :
Her eyes! 'tis like torchlight, when feasts begin,
To feel their lids lift, and their glance awaking joyance.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Queen Venus sure hath made the youngest Grace
Her minister this morn!

— *Hero and Leander.*

OCTOBER 26th.

Sweet is the lower air and safe, and known
The homely levels; only strong ones leave
The nest each makes his own.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Wind of the Indian stream!
A little—oh! a little—breathe once more
The fragrance like his mouth's! blow from thy shore
A last word as he fades into a dream.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

OCTOBER 25th.

OCTOBER 26th.

OCTOBER 27th.

Exceeding marvellous is this thy gift;
I burn to know such learning, how it comes.
— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Wilt thou ride hence and let the rich world slip
Out of thy grasp, to hold a beggar's bowl?
— *The Light of Asia.*

All men scorn the soulless coward, who his manhood
doth forget.
— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 28th.

So fair and graceful, of all feasts the queen.
— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Who doth right deeds
Is twice-born, and who doeth ill deeds vile.
— *The Light of Asia.*

Not disparagement nor slander kills the spirit of the
brave;
Fling a torch down, upward ever burns the brilliant
flame it gave.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

OCTOBER 27th.

OCTOBER 28th.

OCTOBER 29th.

They say there wander mighty powers on earth
In strange disguises, who, divinely sprung,
Veil themselves from us under human mould.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Pity and need
Make all flesh kin. There is no caste in blood,
Which runneth of one hue, nor caste in tears,
Which trickle salt with all.

— *The Light of Asia.*

OCTOBER 30th.

Sigh not “so young!” — “such promise!” — “Ah! a
flower

That longer life had sunned to fruit of gold.”

Be still and see! God’s year, and day, and hour,

By lapse of mortal minutes is not told.

— *Illicet.*

That miracle, with eyes purple and soft

As lotus petals, that pure perfect maid,

Whose face shed heavenly light where she did go.

— *Love and Death.*

OCTOBER 29th.

OCTOBER 30th.

OCTOBER 31st.

(Halloween.)

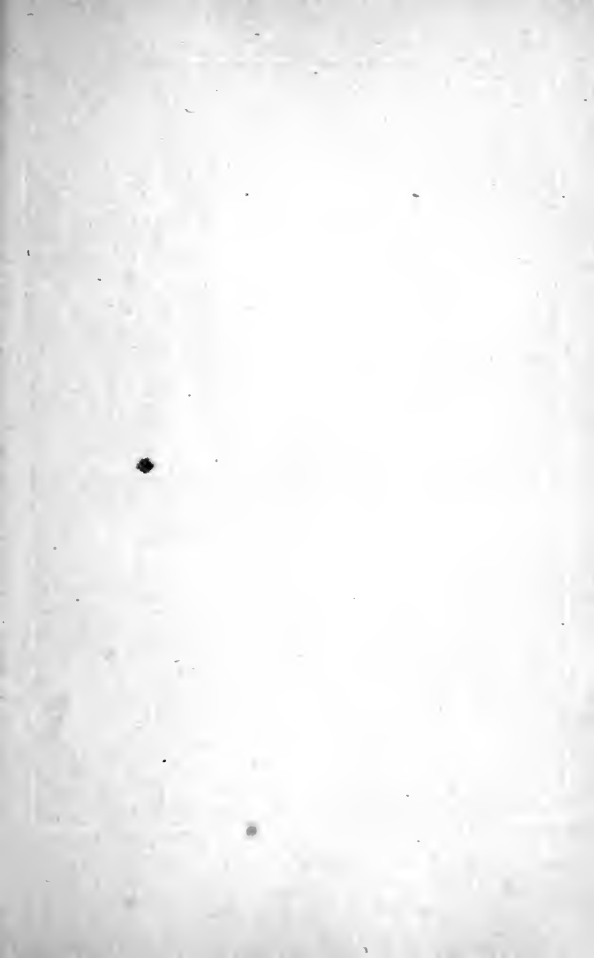
BORN. { JOHN EVELYN, Author, 1620;
EMMA TATHAM, Poetess, 1829. }

One morning in Medina walked our Lord
Among the tombs: glad was the dawn, and broad
On headstones and on footstones sunshine lay;
Earth seemed so fair, 'twas hard to be away.
"O people of the graves!" Muhammad said,
"Peace be with you! Your caravan of dead
Hath passed the defile, and we living ones
Forget what men ye were, of whom the sons,
And what your merchandise and where ye went;
But Allah knows these things!

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

OCTOBER 31st.







NOVEMBER.

Come! in thy veil of sombre cloud,
With mists around thee, like a shroud,
And wan face, colored with no beam
Of morning's glow, or evening's gleam;
I would not see thee glad or gay,
Dark month! that took my love away!

I would not see thee otherwise,
Grey month! that hath the stormy skies;
Cold month! that creeps with wintry hands
Freezing the waters and the lands:
So didst thou chill my heart one day,
Drear month! that called my love away.

And yet I know—behind thy mists
The gold sun shines, love's star subsists;
If we could lift thy veil—maybe—
Thy tender face were sweet to see!
Come as thou wilt. I say not nay,
Sad month! that led my love away.

{ NICHOLAS BOILEAU, Poet, 1634. }

NOVEMBER 1st.

Dead, but on dead foreheads wearing
Crowns that make their death a birth,
Won by hope that scorned despairing,
Won in heaven for wars on earth.

.

All saints now, all now abiding
In glad homes beyond the sky,
Wearing, where salt tears were tiding
Smiles of set felicity.

— *All Saints' Day.*

NOVEMBER 2d.

Look! the clay dries into iron,
But the potter moulds the clay.
Destiny to-day is master —
Man was master yesterday.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

The greater beareth with the lesser love
So it may raise it unto easier heights.

— *The Light of Asia.*

{ BORN. { MARIE ANTOINETTE, 1755. }

NOVEMBER 1st.

NOVEMBER 2d.

NOVEMBER 3d.

Small service is true service when the will,
And not the work, is rated. I had rather
A cup of water from a willing hand,
Than a great bowl of purple Cyprus wine
Meted me drop by drop.

— *Griselda.*

—no Heaven too high

For those to reach whose passions sleep subdued.

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 4th.

And if an evil nature knew
The sacred Vedas through and through
With all the Srutis, still must we
Lower than honest Sudra* be.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

All will go well.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

* The name of the lowest caste. 366

NOVEMBER 3d.

NOVEMBER 4th.

NOVEMBER 5th.

As above the bloom the bee,
When the honeyed revelry
Is too subtle-sweet an one
Not to hang and dally on.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

Oh! thou wilt love her.
Nay! I do.

— *Griselda.*

NOVEMBER 6th.

Hath she a charm
To witch all hearts to her? There's not a tongue
That hath not learned to laud her.

— *Griselda.*

And thou too art so womanly, and resolute of will;
So eloquent of other's good, so silent of their ill.

— *Lament.*

NOVEMBER 5th.

NOVEMBER 6th.

{ WILLIAM STUKELEY, Antiquarian, 1687. }

BORN. { EDWARD POCKOCK, Oriental Scholar, 1664. }

Many a knave wins fair opinions standing in fair company.

He sits with kings and heroes who are passed
Into the everlasting, happy home,
Where no wars are, nor wounds, and good men dwell.

When life dies like a white flame spent,
Death dies along with it.

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NOVEMBER 7th.

NOVEMBER 8th.

NOVEMBER 9th.

No hurt he does, kind to all living things;
 True of word is he, faithful, liberal, just;
 Steadfast and patient, temperate and pure.

— *Nala and Damayanti*

Grief and loss come not anigh you,
 Glory guide and magnify you

— *The Book of Good Counsels*.

NOVEMBER 10th.

Men

Who love their sins and cleave to cheats of sense,
 And drink of errors from a thousand springs,
 Having no mind to see, nor strength to break
 The fleshy snare which binds them.

— *The Light of Asia*.

Courtesy may cover malice.

— *The Book of Good Counsels*.

NOVEMBER 9th.

NOVEMBER 10th.

DR. JOHN ABENECROMBIE, Author, 1781.
BORN. { AMELIA OPIE, Novelist, 1769. }

NOVEMBER 11th.

The still small voices of the summer day,
The red Sirocco and the breath of May,
The lingering harmony in ocean shells,
The fairy music of the meadow bells,

.
Have words to whisper, tongues to tell his name.

— *The Feast of Belshazzar.*

I bid thee for the good of all.

— *The Birth of Death.*

NOVEMBER 12th.

“All the seasons there,
The thunder of the mournful main I hear.”

— *Hero and Leander.*

Yet she is fair—oh! very,—very fair.

— *Venice.*

—all this spacious earth
Hath not a spot more dear and hallowed.

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 11th.

NOVEMBER 12th.

NOVEMBER 13th.

For self contempt is stronger than scorn,
It tortures the spirit most wrathfully.

— *Defeat.*

Not Circe with her silver wand
And wildest witching smile,
Could pierce the heart with so sweet a smart
As the girls of our own free isle.

— *The Fairest of the Fair.*

NOVEMBER 14th.

Though base be the Herald, nor hinder nor let,
For the mouth of a king is he;
The sword may be whet and the battle set,
But the word of his message is free.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

“Long be thy bliss!
And lightly fall on him the load of life!”

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 13th.

NOVEMBER 14th.

{ WILLIAM COWPER, Poet, 1731;
SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL, Astronomer, 1738. }

NOVEMBER 15th.

The man with many kinsmen answers with them all
attacks.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

The wings of the wind have left fanning

The palms of the glade;

They are dead, and the blossoms seem dying

In the place where we played.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

{ BORN. } FRANCIS DANBY, Artist, 1793. }

NOVEMBER 16th.

It was in April that my heart was caught,

The day I saw thee plucking herbs and cresses —

I spake thee fair, but thou didst answer naught

And frowned, because folks passed, tossing thy tresses

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Veil after veil will lift — but there must be

Veil upon veil behind.

— *The Light of Asia.*

NOVEMBER 15th.

NOVEMBER 16th.

{ JEAN ANTOINE NOLLET, Philosopher, 1700. }

BORN. { WILLIAM SHENSTONE, Poet, 1714; }
{ SIR DAVID WILKIE, Painter, 1785. }

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NOVEMBER 17th.

NOVEMBER 18th.

NOVEMBER 19th.

Of the wife the lord is jewel, though no gems upon
her beam;

Lacking him, she lacks adornment, howsoever her
jewels gleam.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

—he is to me

Brighter than light which gleams from lotus cups,

Divine as are the immortals, dear as breath,

The master of my life, my pride, my joy.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

NOVEMBER 20th.

—and earth's foundations laid

So broad and hard,

To be your dwelling place;

And Heaven's star-jewelled face

Arched for your roof-top.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

Pleasant friends drive pain away.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

NOVEMBER 19th.

NOVEMBER 20th.

NOVEMBER 21st.

Calmly and silent as the fair full moon,
Comes sailing upward in the sky of June.

— *Hero and Leander.*

Heaven is there
Where love and faith make heaven.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

NOVEMBER 22d.

By their own deed, men go downward,
By them men mount upward all
Like the diggers of a well, and like the builders of
a wall.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Reading, learning, praying, still
Are outward deeds which oft-times leave
Barren of fruit minds that believe.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

NOVEMBER 21st.

NOVEMBER 22d.

NOVEMBER 23d.

I like it well!

Its jewels, making quaint and equal strife
With red and blue, mock lips and eyes to life;
There let them ever dwell.

— *From Aristippus.*

That it should be well
For him and his.

— *Love and Death.*

NOVEMBER 24th.

Horses he loved, and ofttimes would he mould
Coursers of clay, or paint them on the wall.

— *Love and Death.*

The wisest doctors say, "In every woe
No better physic is than wifely love."

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

NOVEMBER 23d.

NOVEMBER 24th.

NOVEMBER 25th.

She too, the dear and queenly,—she
Whose perfect virtue paradise must crown.

— *The Indian Idylls.*

Our trust thou art!

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

A mother's heart outweighs the earth.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

NOVEMBER 26th.

Look! the restless sea is sleeping,
Milk-white ripple curling, creeping!
Listen! all the winds are quiet,
Folded up from rage and riot!
Only in my heart the pain
Wakes, and will not sleep again!

— *From Theocritus.*

NOVEMBER 25th.

NOVEMBER 26th.

NOVEMBER 27th.

The greatness of this deed which helps the world;
For therefore ride I, not for men alone,
But for all things which, speechless, share our pain
And have no hope, nor wit to ask for hope.

— *The Light of Asia.*

— *All Saints' Day.*

NOVEMBER 28th.

My little noble girl.

— *Griselda.*

NOVEMBER 27th.

NOVEMBER 28th.

NOVEMBER 29th.

Never all her life
Wrought our sweet lady one thing wrong, I think.
— *The Great Journey.*

— gallant, kind,
Reverent, self governed, gentle, equitable,
Modest and constant. Justice lives in him
And Honor guides.

— *Love and Death.*

NOVEMBER 30th.

And sing him strains which only spirits know,
And make him captive with the silk-soft chain
Of twinned-wings brooding round him, and bestow
Kisses of Paradise, as pure as rain.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

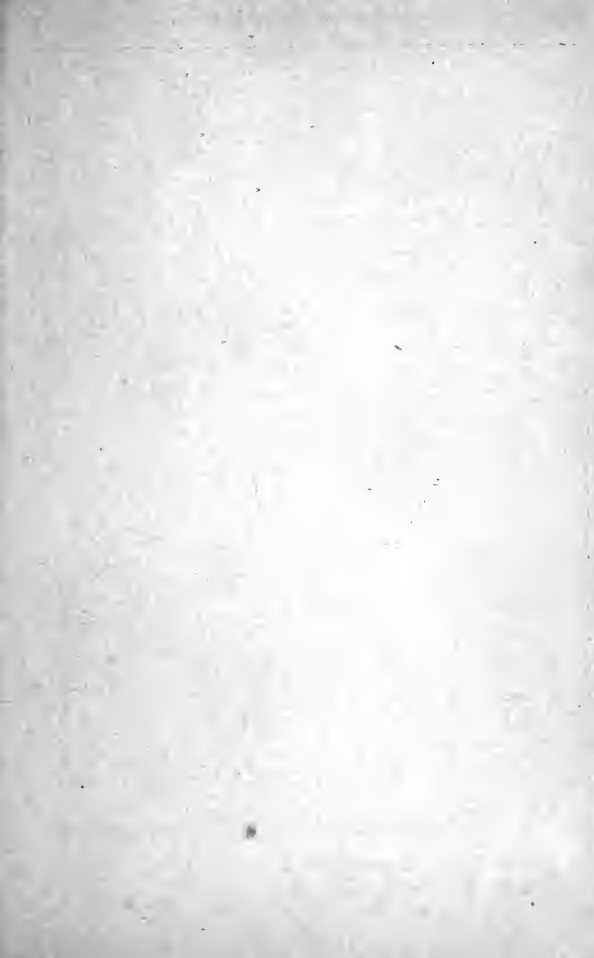
O unknown one, who shinest like the splendour of a
star,
Peace and good will ! for due to thee my salutations
are.

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

NOVEMBER 29th.

NOVEMBER 30th.







DECEMBER.

In spangle of frost, and stars of snow,
Unto his end the Year doth wend;
And sad for some the days did go,
And glad for some were beginning and end;
But, sad or glad, grieve not for his death,
Mournfully counting your measures of breath;
You that, before the worlds began,
Were seed of woman and surety of man;
You that are older than Aldebaran!
It was but a whirl round about the sun,
A silver dance of the planets done,
A step in the Infinite Minuet
Which the great stars pace to a music set
By Life Immortal and Love Divine
Which sounds, in your span of threescore and ten,
One chord of the Harmony, fair and fine,
Of What did make you women and men.
In spangle of frost, and stars of snow
Sad or glad—let the Old Year go!

DECEMBER 1st.

For Winter came apace, with snow and frost,
And wild storms whistling up and down the coast:
Lashed to its depths the tortured ocean shrank,
While the wind drove its billows, rank on rank,
Scourging their crests milk-white; all sailors then
Drew up their ships upon the shore, for men
Fear the fierce winter and the furious sea.

— *Hero and Leander.*

DECEMBER 2d.

This is that Blossom on our human tree
Which opens once in many myriad years —
But opened, fills the world with Wisdom's scent
And Love's dropped honey.

— *The Light of Asia.*

Thunder for nothing, like December's cloud
Passes unmarked; strike hard, but speak not loud.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

DECEMBER 1st.

DECEMBER 2d.

DECEMBER 3d.

I culled a posy of snow-blossomed spray,
 With buds and berries gathered here and there,
 It was for thee; but thou didst turn away
 So grand!

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

Evil swells the debts to pay,
 Good delivers and acquits.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 4th.

A governed heart, thinking no thought but good,
 Makes crowded houses holy solitude.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Good fellowship hath any man with him
 To whom Heaven's ear as quick inclines itself
 As doth a mother's when her babe lisps love.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

DECEMBER 3d.

DECEMBER 4th.

DECEMBER 5th.

They who, as wakened eagles, soar with scorn
From life's low vale, and wing towards the Sun —
— *The Light of Asia.*

When he spoke, those honeyed words which fell,
Gladdened my heart and passed into my soul
Deep — deep, till dearer seemed it than the notes
Of Koils piping !

— *The Saint's Temptation.*

DECEMBER 6th.

Fellow be with kindly foemen, rather than with friends
unkind ;
Friend and foeman are distinguished not by title but
by mind.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

Till life glided beguiled like a smooth stream
Banked by perpetual flowers.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 5th.

DECEMBER 6th.

DECEMBER 7th.

That time doth keep for us some happy years,
That God hath portioned us our smiles and tears,
Thou knowest, and I know.

— *A Ma Future.*

— Be friends,
Take and give pleasure in glad company
Each with the other, keeping happy hearts.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

DECEMBER 8th.

My month, I trow,
Wears the red berries, and stars of snow.

— *January.*

Loosen from thy foot the bang
Lest its golden bell,
With a tiny, tattling jangle,
Any false tale tell.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

DECEMBER 7th.

DECEMBER 8th.

{ JOHN MILTON, Poet, 1608. }

DECEMBER 9th.

Over the spangled grass
Swept the swift footsteps of the lovely Light
Turning the tears of Night to joyous gems,
Decking the earth with radiance, 'broidering
The sinking storm-clouds with a golden fringe.

— *The Light of Asia.*

— for all

Our good deeds needs must be so small.

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

{ THOMAS HOLCROFT, Dramatist, 1745. }

DECEMBER 10th.

Shall such friends ever be broken?

No! No! they shall stand

Hand fast in hand.

— *The Wreck of the "Northern Belle."*

Long tried friends are friends to cleave to.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

DECEMBER 9th.

DECEMBER 10th.

DECEMBER 11th.

How can I live and lose him? How not go
Whither love draws me for a soul loved so?

How yet endure such sorrow?—or how cease?

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

This which thou hast done
Shall bring thee good and bring all creatures good
Be sure I love thee always for thy love.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 12th.

Oh, voice! . . .

As night's bird, soft to hear.

— *Ode to Florence Nightingale.*

Like some delighted bird at sudden streams
Weary with flight o'er endless wastes of sand,
Which laves the desert dust from neck and crest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 11th.

DECEMBER 12th.

DECEMBER 13th.

— So wretched

Apart from hers, — his spirit, bad and sad,
Muses and moans, with grief's slow fire consumed
Night time, and day time.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

The night that scents her breath so sweet
With cool and musky odours.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

DECEMBER 14th.

Till none can tell whether those be
Blue lotus-blooms, seen veiledly
Under the wave, or mirrored gems
Reflected from the diadems
Bound on the brows of mighty gods.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

DECEMBER 13th.

DECEMBER 14th.

DECEMBER 15th.

Kind is kin, howe'er a stranger

—Kin unkind is stranger shown.

— *The Book of Good Counsels.*

—all hearts did she gain

By gentle actions, soft self-government,

Patience and peace.

— *Love and Death.*

DECEMBER 16th.

Happily was I lodged,

Well-tended, well-befriended in thy house.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

Faith and Right,

Being preserved, save all, and, being lost,

Leave nought to save.

— *The Enchanted Lake.*

DECEMBER 15th.

DECEMBER 16th.

DECEMBER 17th.

I pray ye answer me,
Is there among ye here one I have wronged?
I have borne rule, judging in Allah's name,
That am a man and sinful; have I judged
Unrighteously, or wrathfully, or pressed
Too hard in the amend?

— *The Pearls of the Faith.*

DECEMBER 18th.

Like the mighty deep,
Which sees the moon and rises, all his life
Uprose to drink her beams.

— *The Indian Song of Songs.*

As thou art pearl of princesses, so he
Is crown of princes.

— *Nala and Damayanti.*

DECEMBER 17th.

DECEMBER 18th.

BORN. { JOHN WILSON CROKER, Writer, 1780. } { CAPT. WILLIAM E. PARRY, Arctic Navigator, 1790. }

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DECEMBER 19th.

DECEMBER 20th.

DORN. { ARCHIBALD TAIT, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1811.
 { { JEAN RACINE, Poet, 1638; [Novelist, 1805.
 { { BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Prime Minister and

DECEMBER 21st.

There came one night, the wildest of the year,
 When the wind smote like edge of hissing spear,
 And the pale breakers thundered on the beach;

.

Billow on billow rolled, the great seas roared
 Furiously leaping to the clouds, which poured
 Sleet and brine back, with scream of winds that met
 Midway from all the quarters:—Eurus set
 His blast against the West Wind; Notus blew
 His cheeks to bursting, Boreas to subdue.

—*Hero and Leander.*

DECEMBER 22d.

— as December's moon

Curbs the quick ripples into crystal swoon.—

—*Hero and Leander.*

He is not worthy of this pearl
 Who is not worthiest.

—*The Light of Asia.*

Mine is the month that is born in the snow.

—*January.*

DECEMBER 21st.

DECEMBER 22d

DECEMBER 23d.

What! the tears glisten?

Indeed I would not wound thy little heart;

We'll be good friends, and kiss; but we must part.

In sooth,—I may not listen.

— *From Aristippus.*

Life and Death are one to us.

— *Armageddon.*

DECEMBER 24th.

'Tis good that thy name springs

From two of earth's fair things—

A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;

'Tis well that in all homes,

When thy sweet story comes,

And brave eyes fill—that pleasant sounds be heard.

— *Ode to Florence Nightingale.*

DECEMBER 23d.

DECEMBER 24th.

DECEMBER 25th.

Yet to be courtly is not to be wise,
Nor just, nor generous, nor valiant;
And many goods strong gold is weak to buy.

— *Griselda.*

It was in our hearts to find thee best,
Being dearest.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 26th.

She whose gentle hand I praise
Woman is, with woman's ways,
And I hold this gage of mine,
None a hand—like Katharine.

— *Alla Mano della Mia donna.*

Bonnie he was when he fleeced my heart,—
I hadna the heart to gie 'him the nay.

— *Effie.*

DECEMBER 25th.

DECEMBER 26th.

DECEMBER 27th.

Fair, golden-haired, and glad with the joy of her youth
and her beauty.

— *Dedication.*

The warrior-gaze, as innocent of fear
As any maid's of shame,—which, past the guilt
And blood and battle, sees the triumph clear.

— *The Statue of Havelock.*

DECEMBER 28th.

Command me any deed that seemeth good
In those dear eyes and I shall straight obey.
I know some promise thus abundantly
Who would not spoil a pair of shoes for thee.

— *La Nencia da Barberino.*

So bold in wifely purity,
So holy by her love, and so upheld.

— *Love and Death.*

DECEMBER 27th.

DECEMBER 28th.

{ THE RT. HON. WILLIAM E. GLADSTONE, 1809. }

DECEMBER 29th.

Fair, be sure, was this great lady.
Eyes, I guess, whose blue
Cold and calm, but beaming steady
Tender seemed and true.
Certes, of a noble presence,
Dutiful and staid,
Worthiness was glad before her —
Worthlessness dismayed.

— *Swanscombe Church.*

{ JOHN PHILIPS, Poet, 1676. }

DECEMBER 30th.

It may be that they read our purpose wrongly,
And ere they learn to know them, learn to fear
The unresting hands, which silently, but strongly,
Carve the broad pathway of the coming year.

— *An Apology.*

Pity makes the world
Soft to the weak and noble for the strong.

— *The Light of Asia.*

DECEMBER 29th.

DECEMBER 30th.

DECEMBER 31st.

Some fair frozen lady

Whose blood is all too courtly to run quick.

— *Griselda.*

Chime the bells to a marriage chime,

Strike the strings to a birthday song,

For the fairest daughter of Father Time

For the lady who cometh to live with us long.

— *New Year's Eve.*

DECEMBER 31st.

OLD YEAR.

Leave your ingles warm and cheery, gaze into the
midnight dreary,
Where the old year lies a-dying, —dying in the frost
and snow;
Gaze, and while his heavy breathing rises like the
mists a-wreathing;
While the far stars shake and shudder at the passing
of his soul;
When the death draws ever nearer, and the drear night
waxes drearer,
Chaunt your “Miserere mei” solemnly, and toll the toll.

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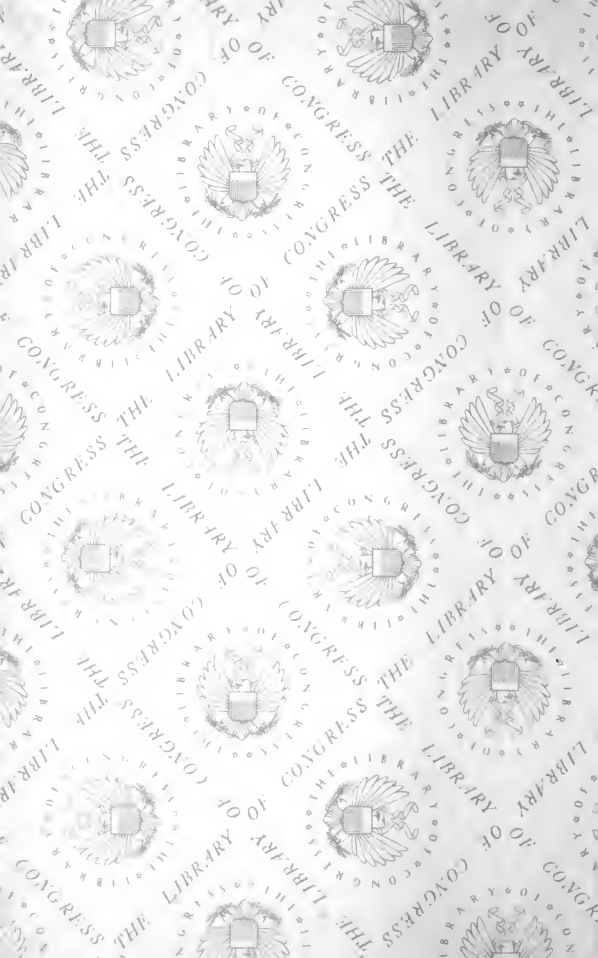
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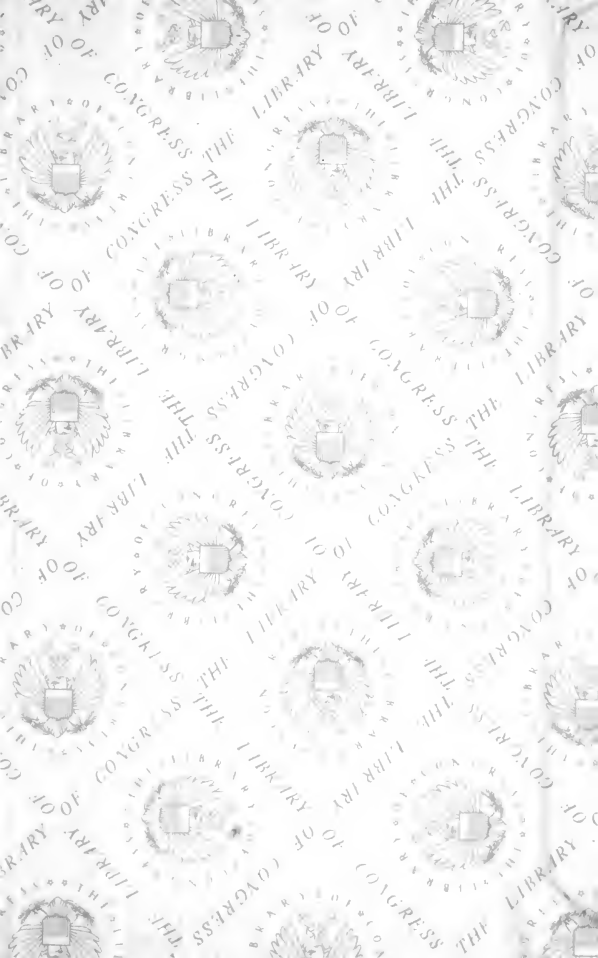
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